

# BLACK MAGIC

TRUE AMAZING  
ACCOUNTS OF THE  
STRANGEST STORIES  
EVER TOLD!

*magazine*

I **SEE** THEM  
NOW — A MAN AND  
WOMAN -- THERE'S  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
THEM THAT GIVES  
ME THE **SHIVERS**--  
WHO CAN  
THEY BE --?

A VERY INTERESTING  
PAIR, THOSE TWO. I  
HEARD STORIES ABOUT  
THEM IN TOWN -- HOW  
THEY **DIED** IN AN  
ACCIDENT -- HOW THEY  
HAUNT THIS HOUSE  
THEY NEVER FINISHED!  
DON'T YELL, DARLING--  
THEY'RE **GHOSTS**!







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If anyone deserves the chance to live her life over again, it's this nice old lady...But who ever thought it would be granted to her by the...

# STRANGE OLD BIRD!



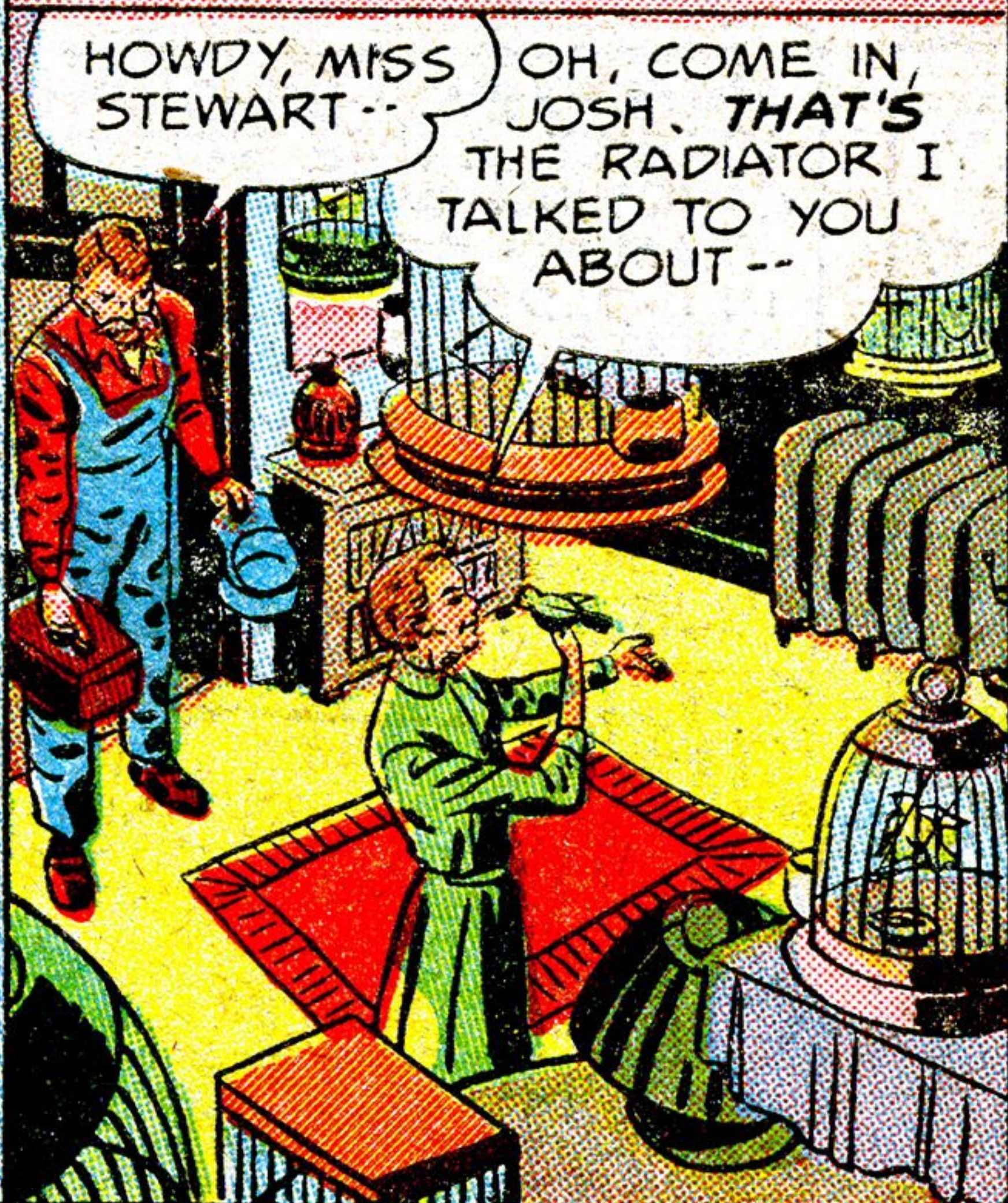
Produced by  
**SIMON & KIRBY**

"MY NAME IS JOSHUA SPENCER-- AND I'M NOT AN OLD FOGY WHO SPENDS HIS TIME SPINNING YARNS TO HEAR HIS CRONIES CACKLE! I'M IN MY DECLINING YEARS, YOU MIGHT SAY-- KNOWING I MAY, ONE DAY SOON, LEAVE THIS LIFE. BUT, NOT WITHOUT WONDERING IF I'D SEEN ALL THERE IS TO THIS WORLD. THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT TO TELL ABOUT MISS STEWART AND HER 'FEENIX!'"

"I'D SEEN MY SHARE OF SPINSTER LADIES, BUT, MISS STEWART, IN APARTMENT 3G WAS CERTAINLY THE MOST LIKEABLE OF ALL I'D EVER RUN ACROSS."

HOWDY, MISS STEWART--

OH, COME IN, JOSH. THAT'S THE RADIATOR I TALKED TO YOU ABOUT--



SHE NEVER SPOKE ABOUT HER PAST AND SHE LIVED ALONE--UNLESS YOU CALL A ROOM FULL OF SINGING BIRDS COMPANY. I GUESS THEY KEPT HER FROM BEING OUTRIGHT LONELY AT THAT.

IT'S JUST A SLOW LEAK.. I'LL FIX IT IN A JIFFY, MA'AM--

MY LITTLE PETS HAVE BURST INTO SONG, THEY LIKE YOU, JOSH!





'NO, THERE **WASN'T** MUCH SUNSHINE IN MISS STEWART'S LIFE. / OF COURSE, SHE WASN'T ONE FOR COMPLAINING... OR WEARING A LONG FACE / FACT WAS, SHE HAD A BRIGHT, CHEERY AND KIND FACE. / ONE COULDN'T HELP THINKING THAT SHE WAS ONCE PRETTY FETCHING!

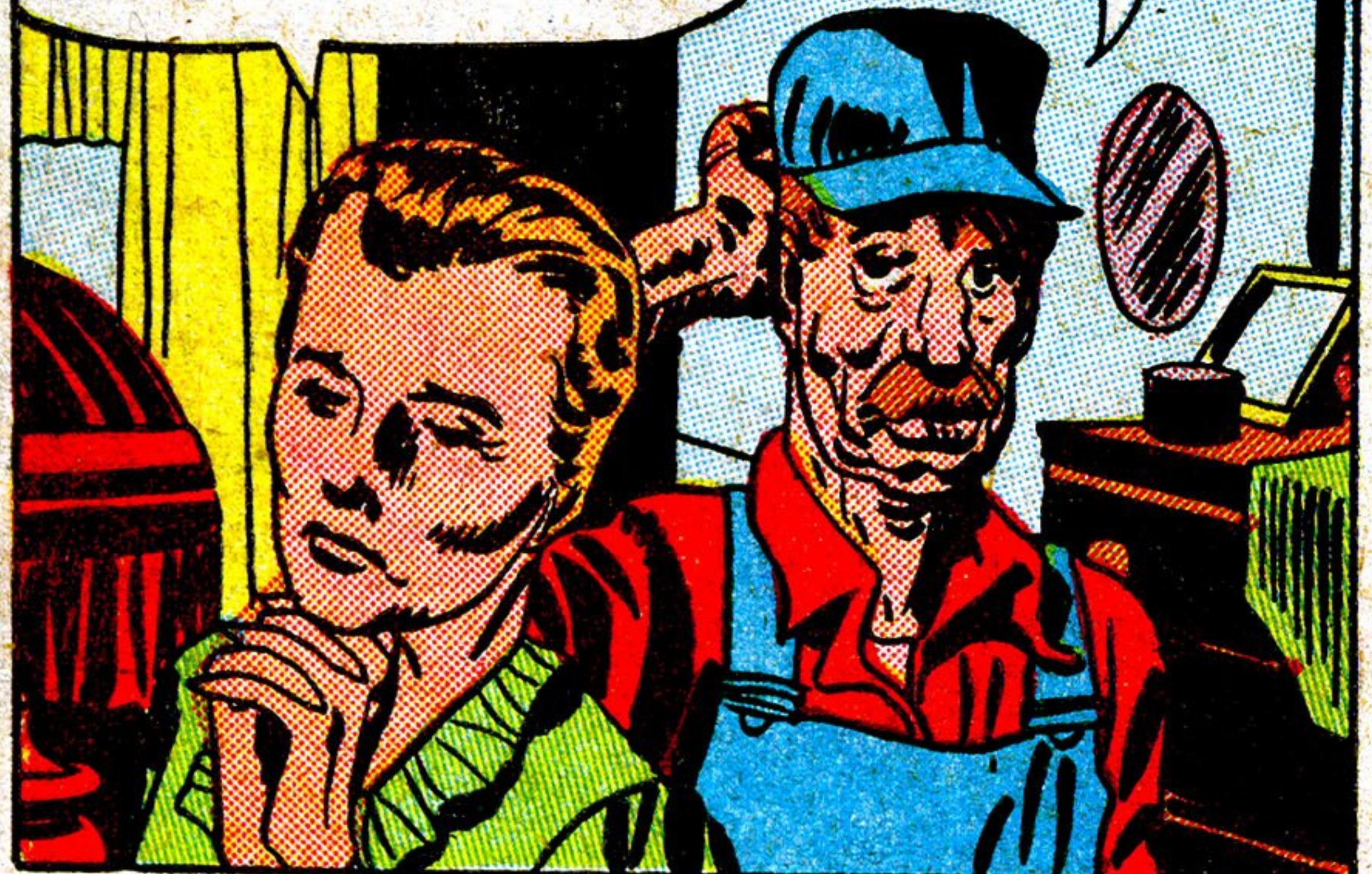
AH, ME! I DEPLORE AN EMPTY CAGE, JOSH! IT'S A LIKE A **LINGER-ING** ECHO OF A DEPARTED FRIEND...

PARDON MA'AM?



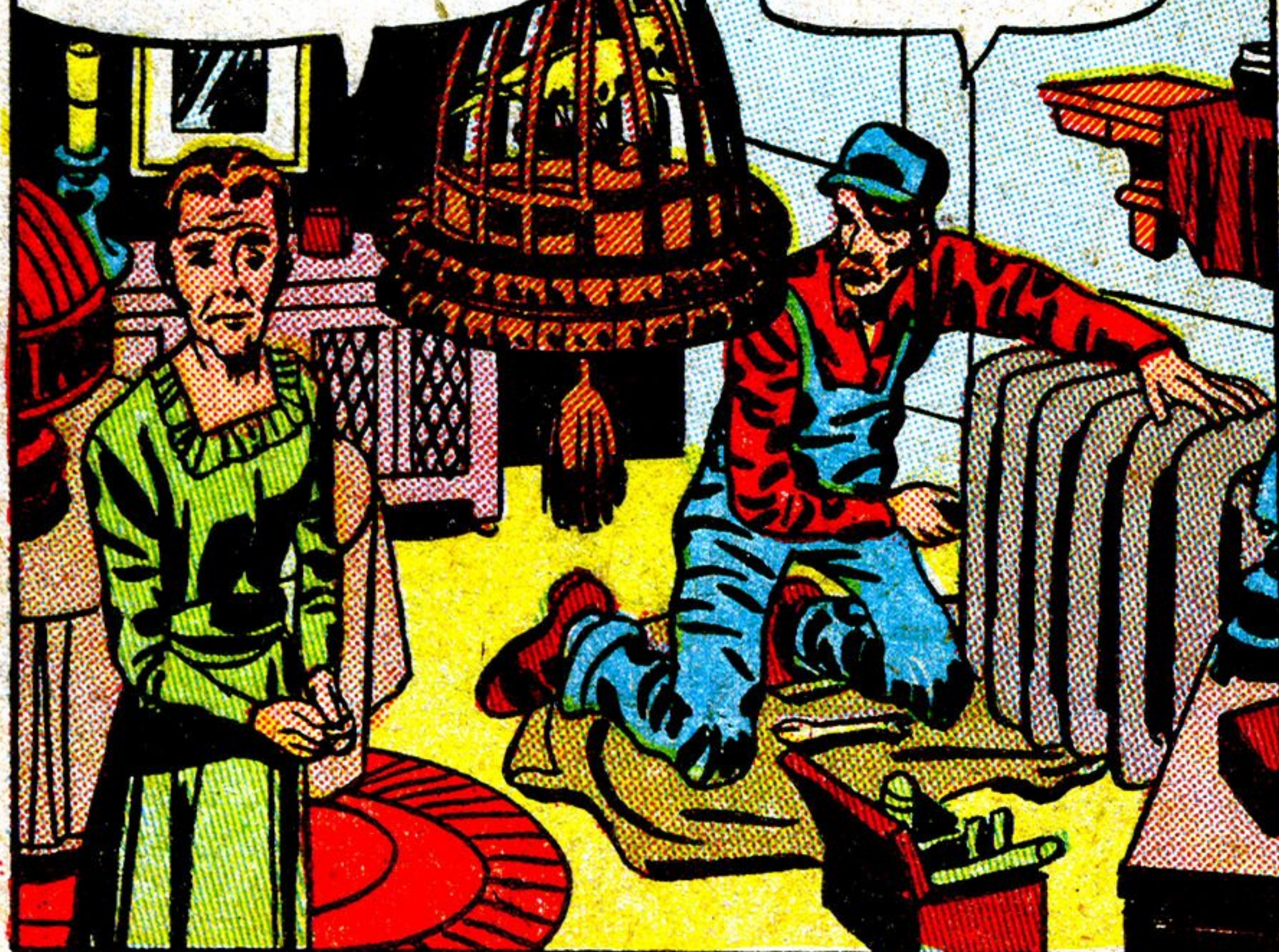
PERHAPS, YOU'VE PUT YOUR FINGER ON IT, JOSH! PERHAPS, IT'S THE **ABSENCE** OF HER SINGING WHICH MAKES ME WISTFUL!

THE ANSWER IS **SIMPLE**, MISS STEWART! FIND ANOTHER BIRD!



IT'S CALLED THE **PHOENIX**! AND IT'S THE ONLY BIRD OF ITS KIND IN CREATION! THAT'S WHAT THE LEGENDS SAY!

A FEENIX, EH? CAN'T SAY I HEARD OF A BIRD LIKE THAT! BUT IT SOUNDS SPECIAL ALL RIGHT...



IT'S PRISCILLA... POOR LITTLE THING! SINCE SHE PASSED AWAY, HER EMPTY CAGE IS A TOUCH OF **SADNESS** IN THIS ROOM!

OH... YOU MEAN THAT LITTLE BLUE AND YELLOW BIRD YOU HAD! YEAH! SHE SURE WAS A **GOOD** SINGER!



YES... ANOTHER BIRD! A **SPECIAL** BIRD! THE MOST TREASURED OF ALL BIRDS! DO YOU KNOW THE ONE I'D LIKE TO FIND, JOSH?

IF I COULD READ MINDS, I'D GIVE UP. FIXING LEAKY RADIATORS, MISS STEWART!



**PRICELESS** BEYOND WORDS, JOSH! IMAGINE A LIFE BORN OF SUN... AND CARRYING WITHIN ITS OWN BREAST, THE FLAMING SEEDS OF IMMORTALITY... LIVING IN GOLDEN GLORY UNTIL THAT GLORY FADES... GROWS DARK WITH AGE... AND WHEN THIS GOD-LIKE CREATURE IS ABOUT TO DIE... A GREAT, **BLINDING** FIRE SPRINGS FROM ITS BODY... AND BURNS IT TO ASHES...

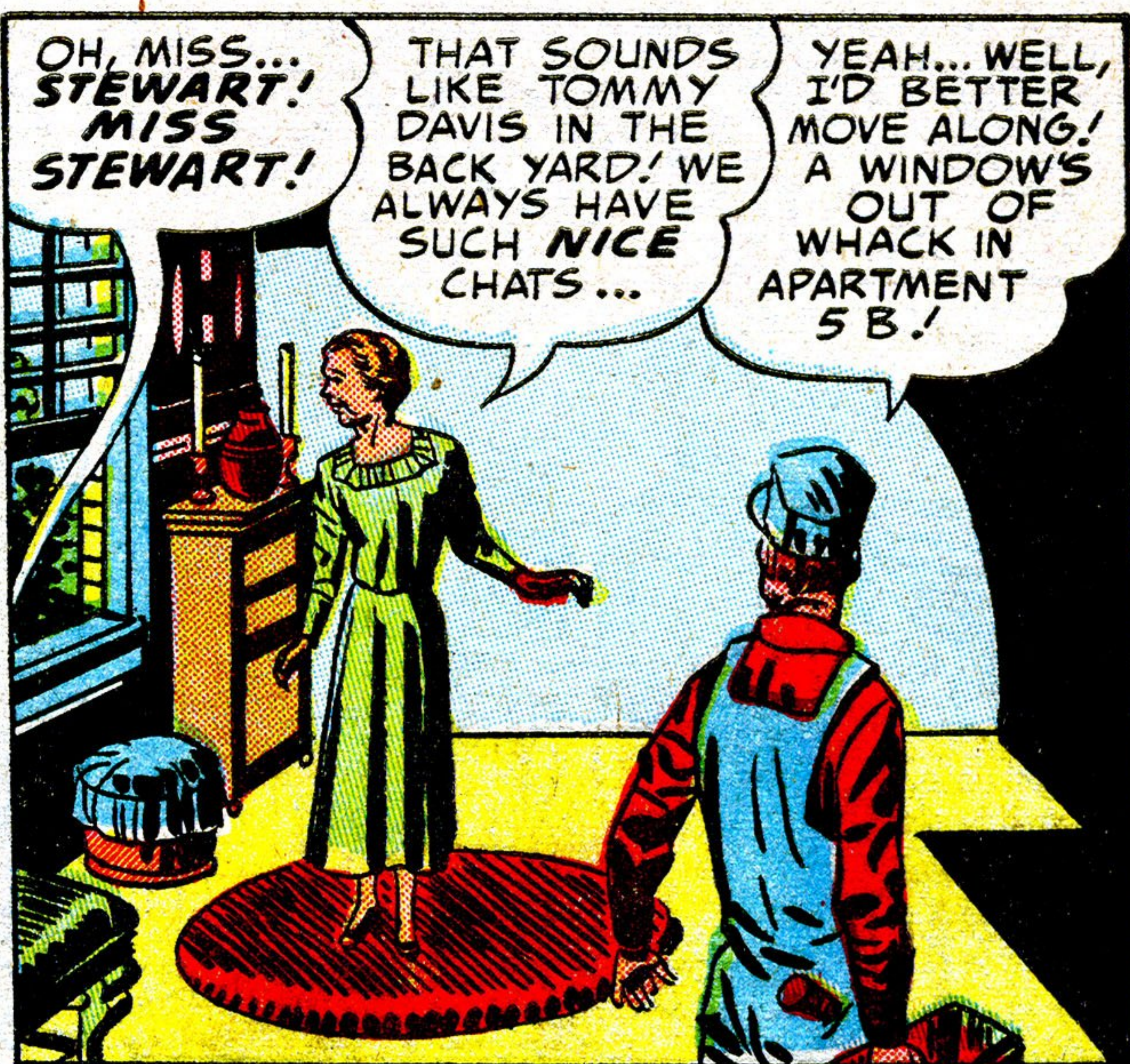






...AND FROM ITS OWN ASHES, THE PHOENIX RISES... **REBORN...** TO LIVE FOR **ANOTHER** FIVE HUNDRED YEARS!

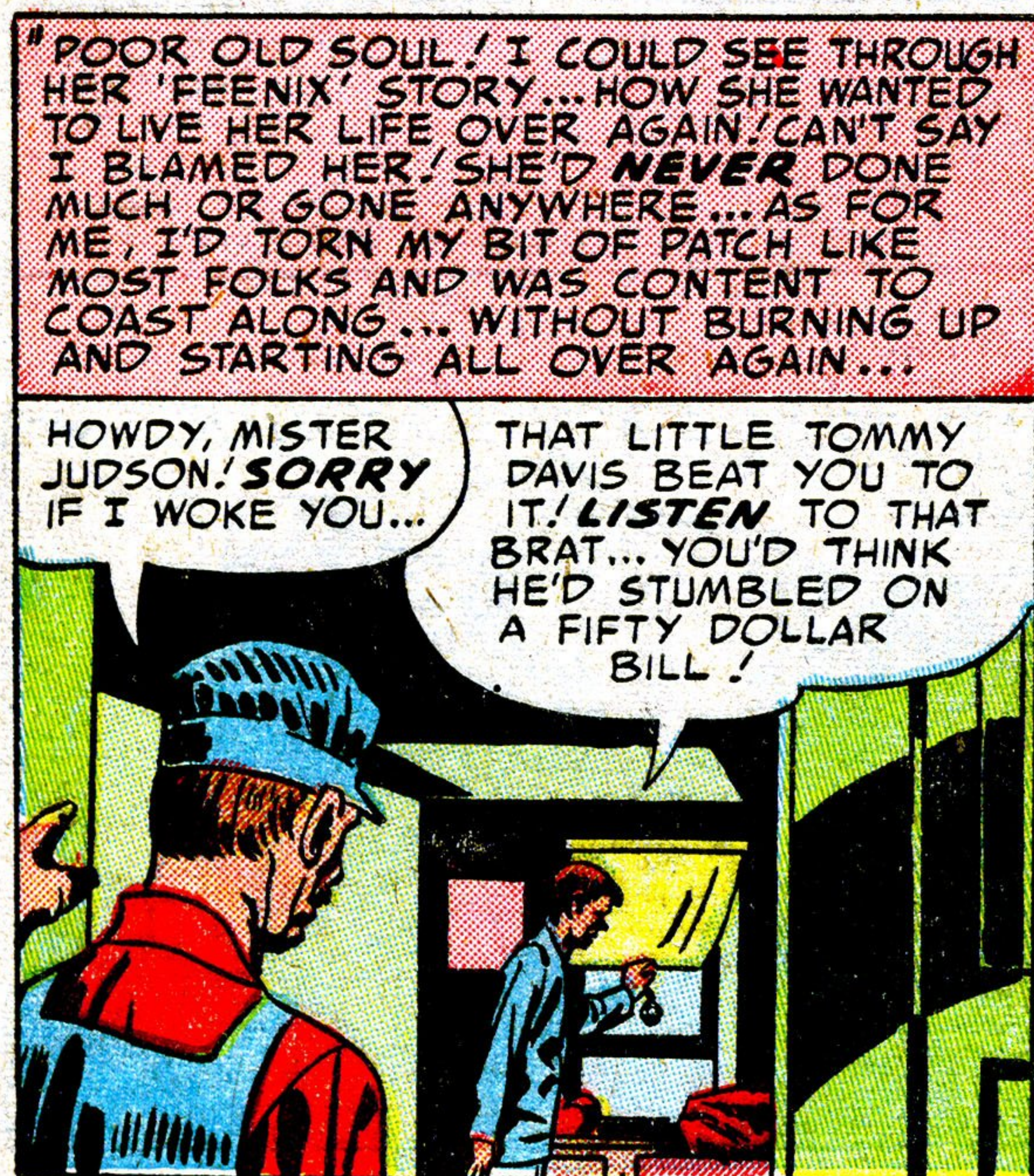
GOOD GRAVY, MISS STEWART! SURE YOU DIDN'T MAKE YOUR TEA TOO **STRONG** THIS MORNING?



OH, MISS... **STEWART!** MISS **STEWART!**

THAT SOUNDS LIKE TOMMY DAVIS IN THE BACK YARD! WE ALWAYS HAVE SUCH **NICE** CHATS...

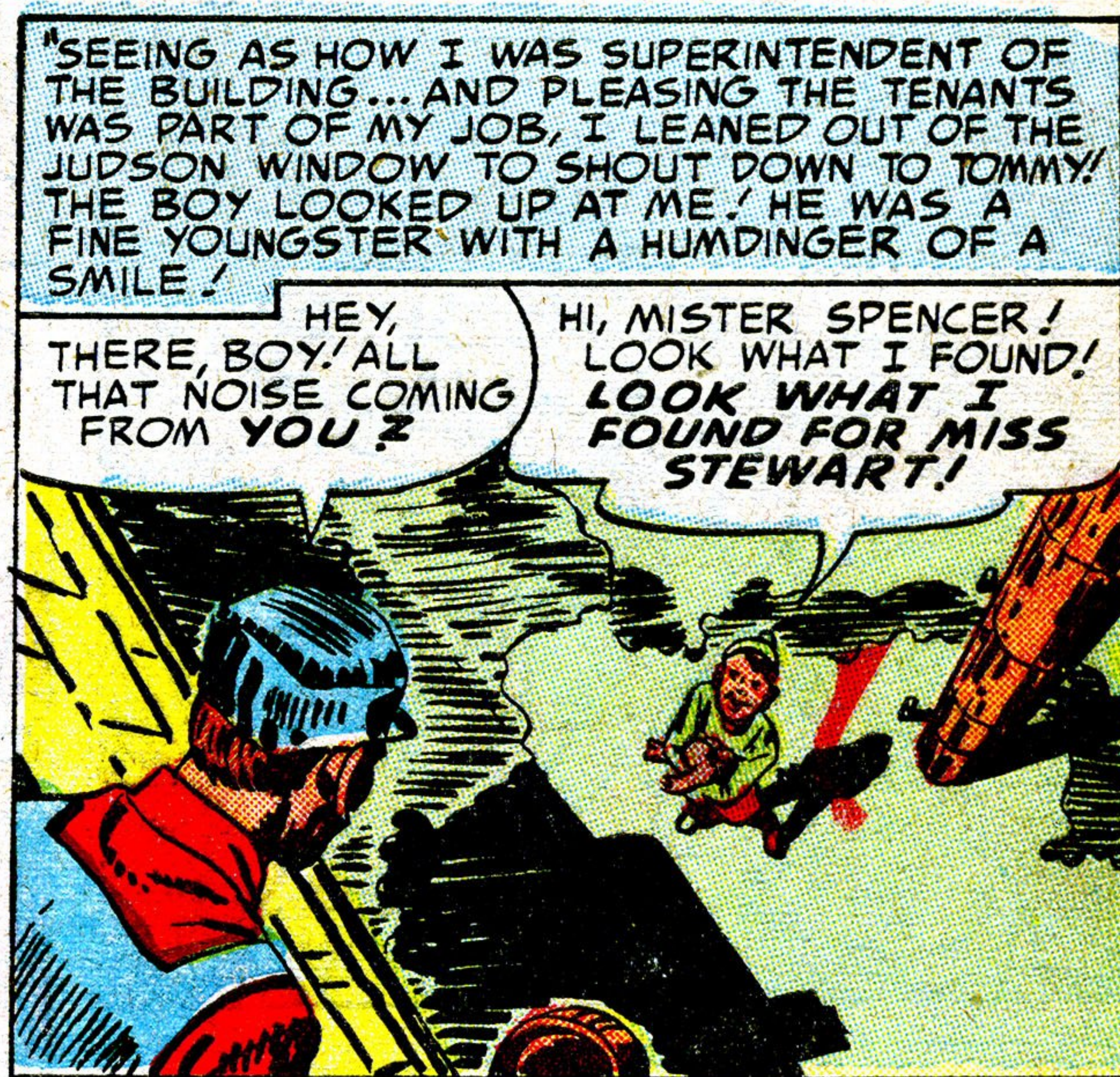
YEAH... WELL, I'D BETTER MOVE ALONG! A WINDOW'S OUT OF WHACK IN APARTMENT 5 B!



"POOR OLD SOUL! I COULD SEE THROUGH HER 'FEENIX' STORY... HOW SHE WANTED TO LIVE HER LIFE OVER AGAIN! CAN'T SAY I BLAMED HER! SHE'D **NEVER** DONE MUCH OR GONE ANYWHERE... AS FOR ME, I'D TORN MY BIT OF PATCH LIKE MOST FOLKS AND WAS CONTENT TO COAST ALONG... WITHOUT BURNING UP AND STARTING ALL OVER AGAIN...

HOWDY, MISTER JUDSON! **SORRY** IF I WOKE YOU...

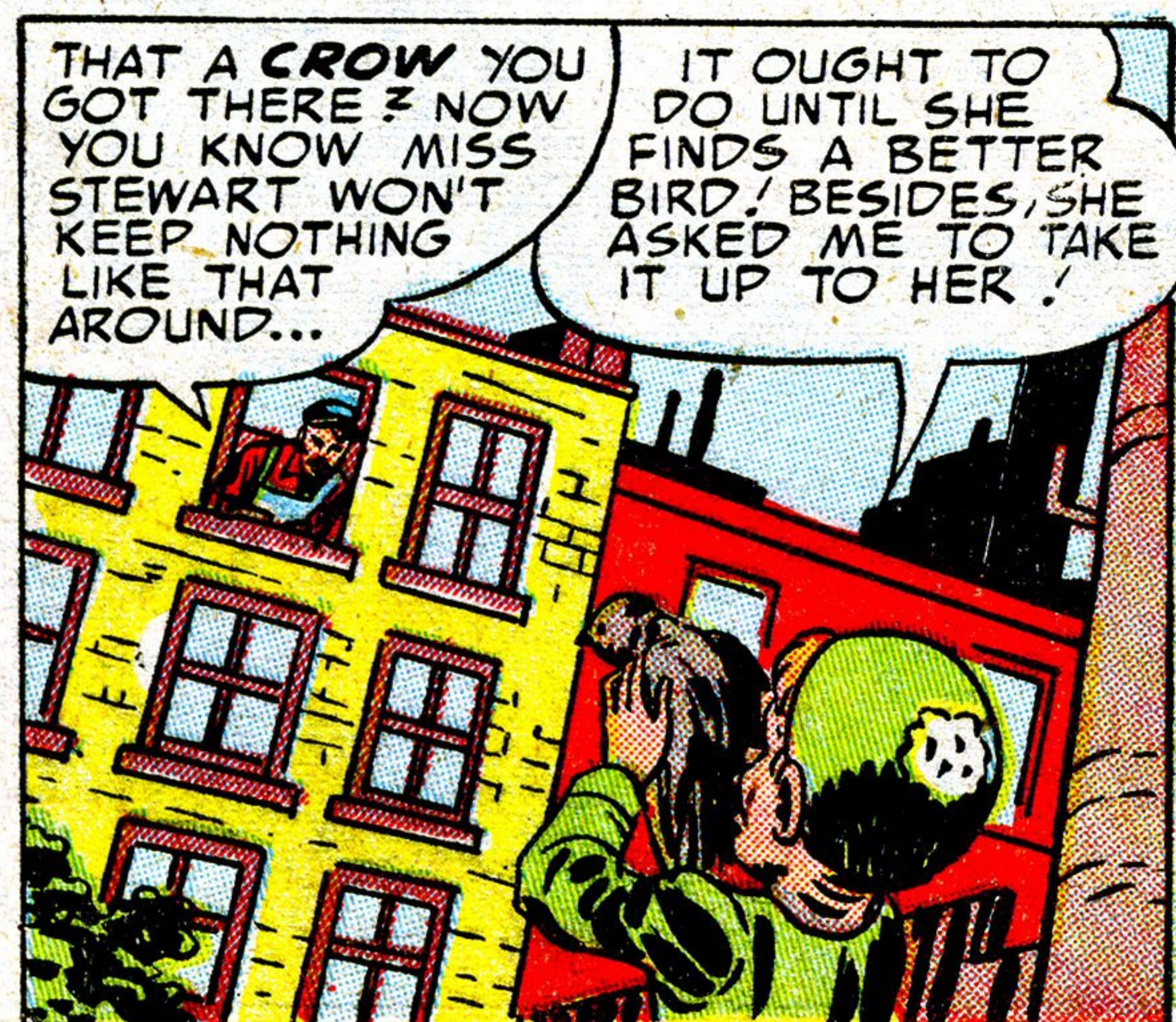
THAT LITTLE TOMMY DAVIS BEAT YOU TO IT! **LISTEN** TO THAT BRAT... YOU'D THINK HE'D STUMBLED ON A FIFTY DOLLAR BILL!



"SEEING AS HOW I WAS SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BUILDING... AND PLEASING THE TENANTS WAS PART OF MY JOB, I LEANED OUT OF THE JUDSON WINDOW TO SHOUT DOWN TO TOMMY! THE BOY LOOKED UP AT ME! HE WAS A FINE YOUNGSTER WITH A HUMDINGER OF A SMILE!

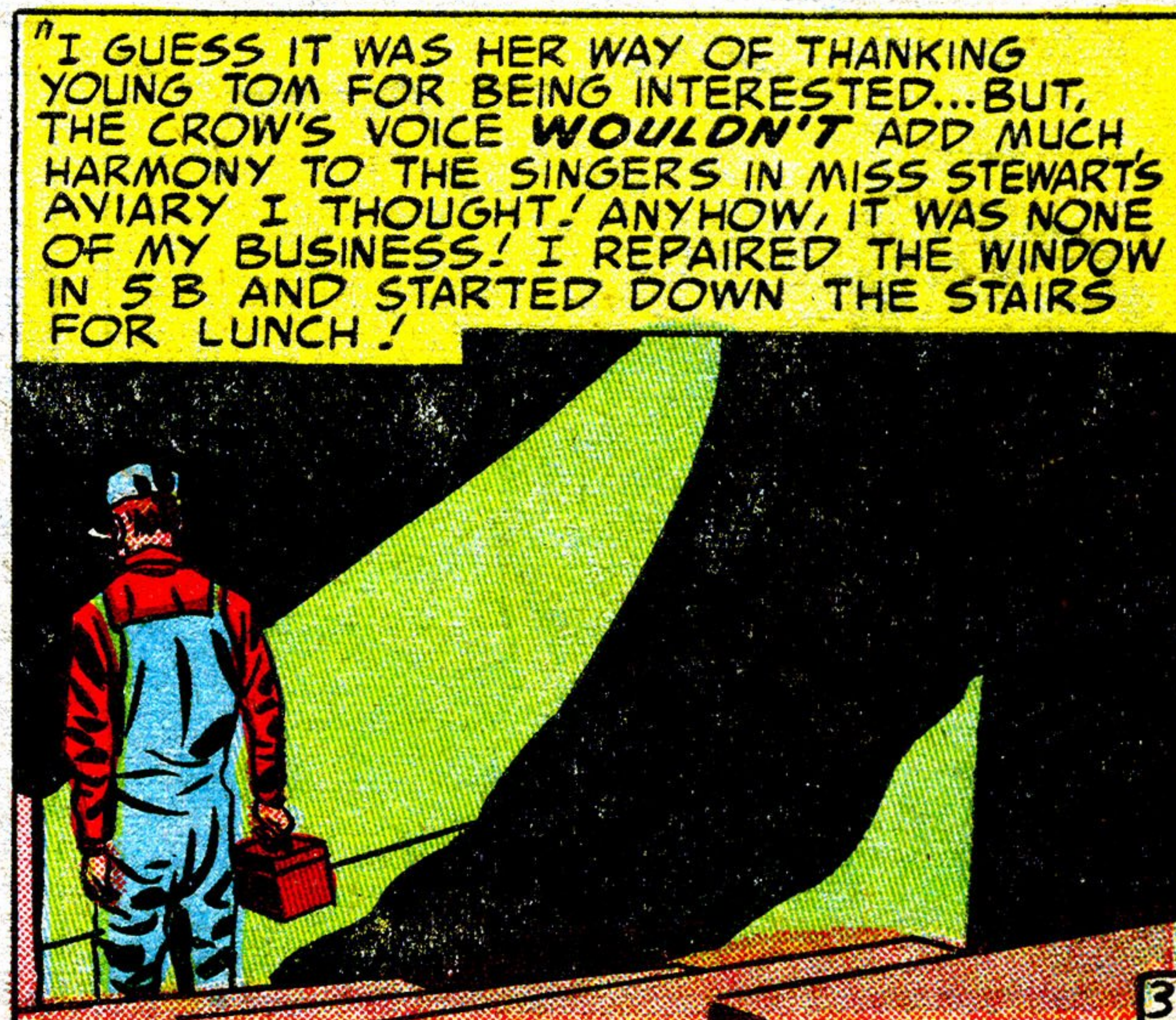
HEY, THERE, BOY! ALL THAT NOISE COMING FROM **YOU**?

HI, MISTER SPENCER! LOOK WHAT I FOUND! **LOOK WHAT I FOUND FOR MISS STEWART!**



THAT A **CROW** YOU GOT THERE? NOW YOU KNOW MISS STEWART WON'T KEEP NOTHING LIKE THAT AROUND...

IT OUGHT TO DO UNTIL SHE FINDS A BETTER BIRD! BESIDES, SHE ASKED ME TO TAKE IT UP TO HER!



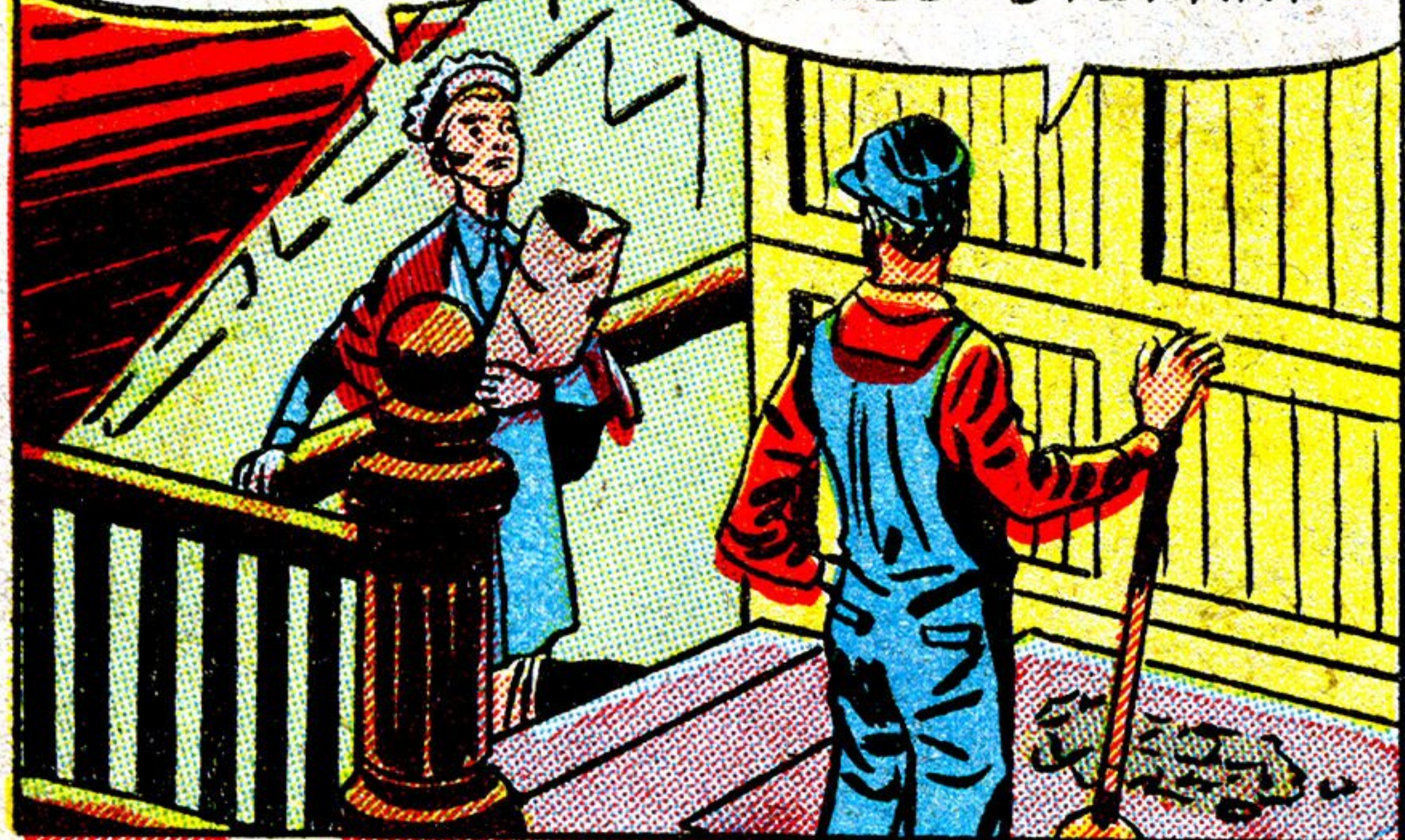
"I GUESS IT WAS HER WAY OF THANKING YOUNG TOM FOR BEING INTERESTED... BUT, THE CROW'S VOICE **WOULDN'T** ADD MUCH HARMONY TO THE SINGERS IN MISS STEWART'S AVIARY I THOUGHT! ANYHOW, IT WAS NONE OF MY BUSINESS! I REPAIRED THE WINDOW IN 5 B AND STARTED DOWN THE STAIRS FOR LUNCH!



"THE WEATHER *DIDN'T* IMPROVE ANY THE FOLLOWING DAY! EVERYTHING THAT MOVED OR STOOD SEEMED PAINTED GRAY! AND THE AIR HAD A CHILL THAT DROVE ME INDOORS! I WAS SWEEPING THE THIRD FLOOR LANDING WHEN MISS STEWART CAME UP THE STAIRS!

MY GOODNESS, WON'T THE SUN *EVER* SHOW ITSELF AGAIN?

THAT "*FEENIX*" OF YOURS MIGHT MAKE A GOOD SUBSTITUTE, EH, MISS STEWART...



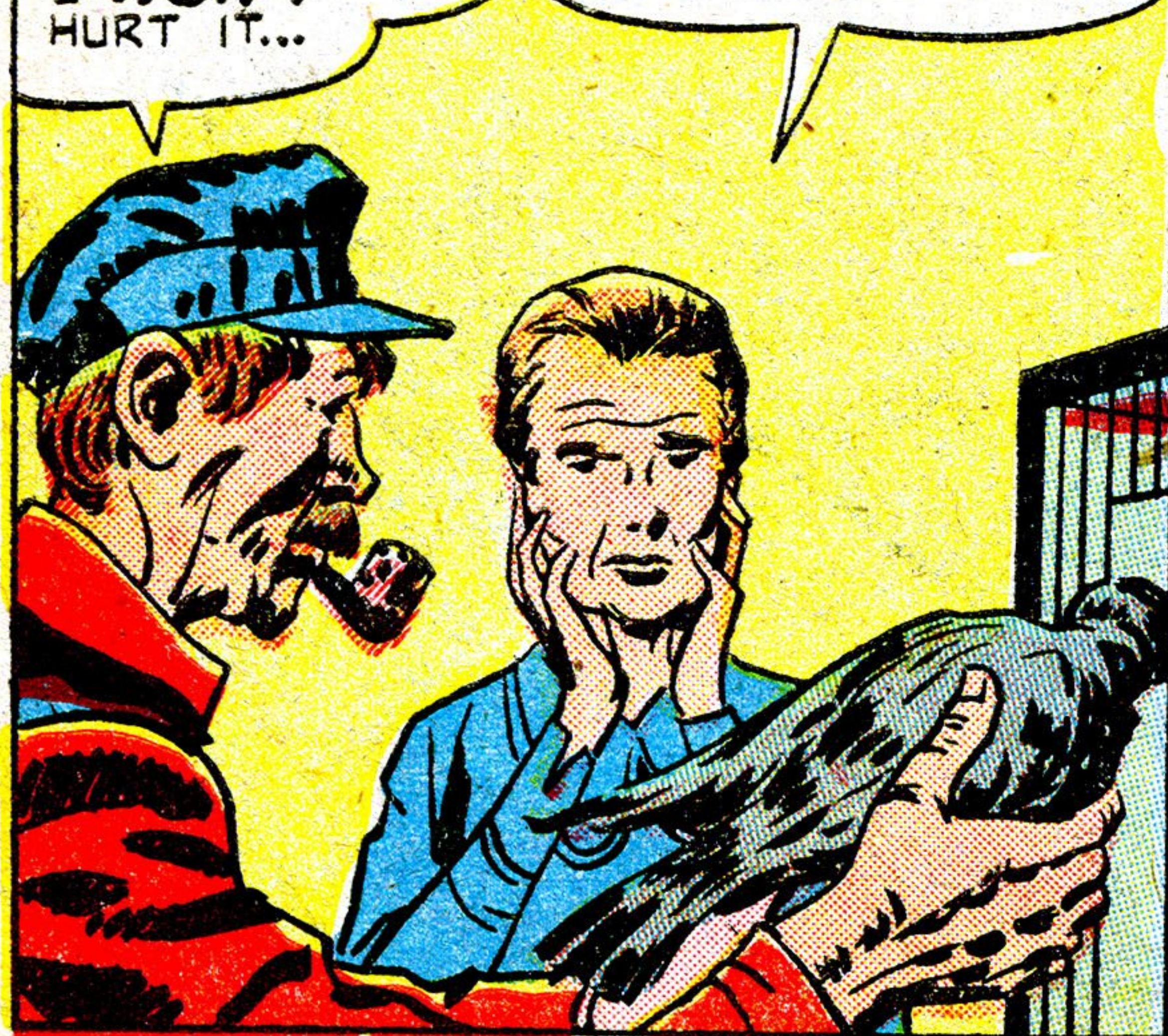
OH, NO! I COULDN'T POSSIBLY TURN OUT THAT POOR CREATURE ... NOT UNTIL IT *REGAINS* ITS STRENGTH...

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MA'AM! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT...



MIND IF I POKE AT IT A MIGHT? I *WON'T* HURT IT...

BE *GENTLE* WITH THE POOR THING...



OH, SPEAKING OF BIRDS, YOU MUST SEE THE ONE TOMMY BROUGHT TO ME! IT LOOKS RATHER *SICK*... AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE SOME SUGGESTION...

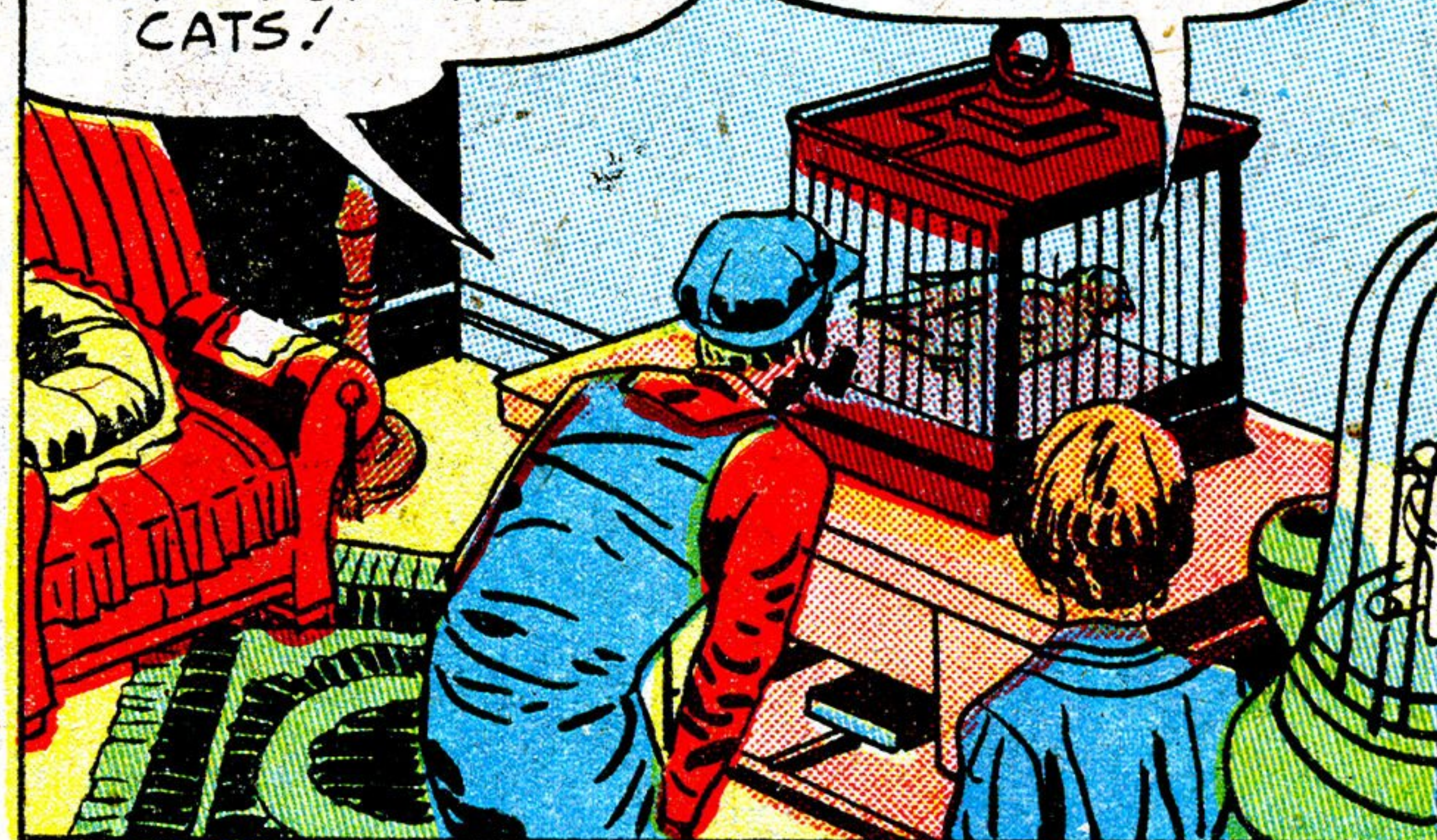
GET RID OF IT, MISS STEWART! I'LL DO IT FOR YOU! I KNOW YOU ACCEPTED IT JUST TO *PLEASE* THE BOY!



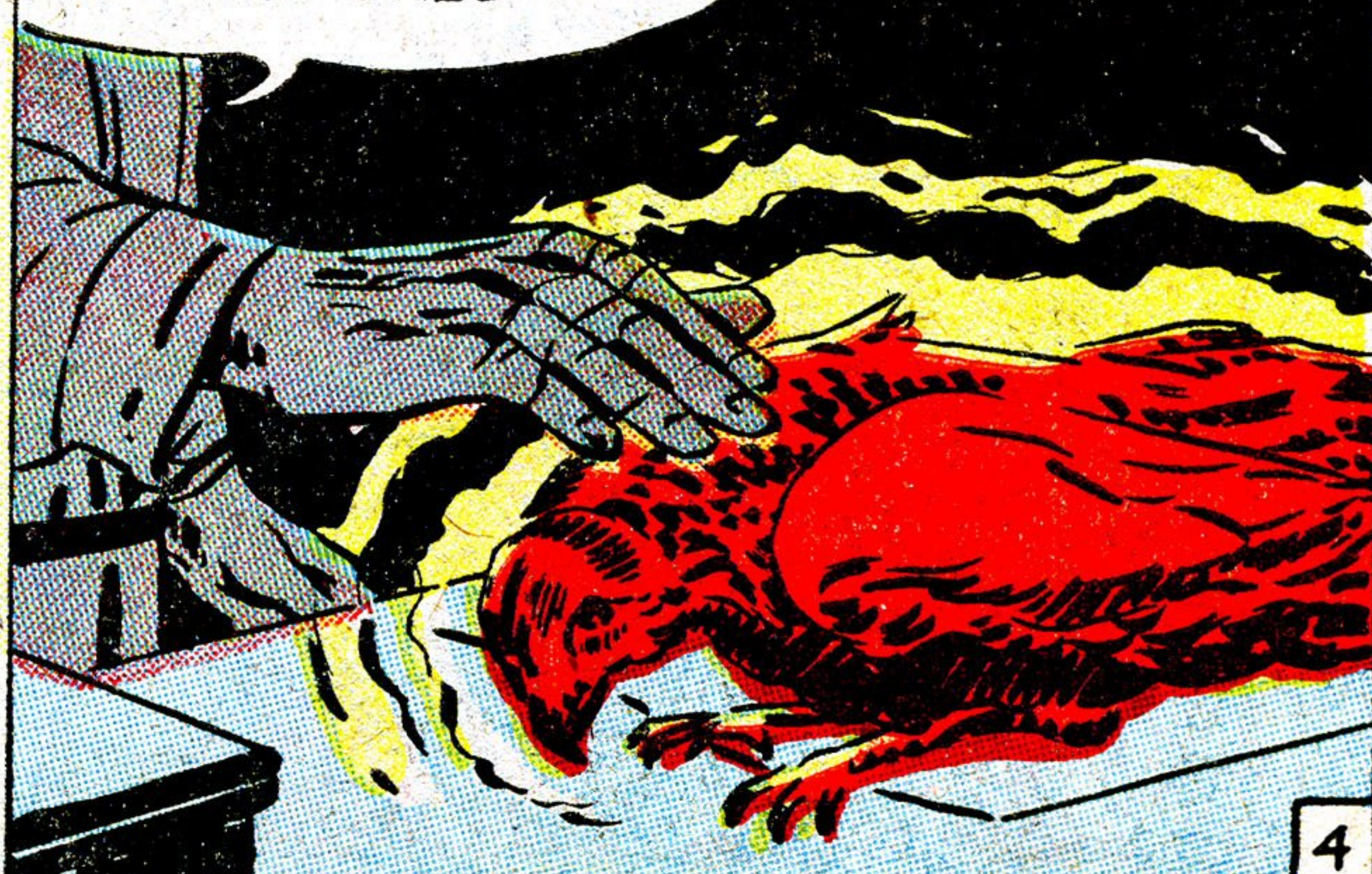
"I TOOK A LOOK AT IT! AND, I'D NEVER SEEN A MORE MOTH-EATEN, SORRIER LOOKING BIRD TO COME OUT OF A TREE... BUT IT WAS NO CROW! I COULD SEE THAT TOO! AND SOMETHING ABOUT IT REMINDED ME OF AN OLD TRAMP WHO'D SEEN BETTER DAYS...

MMMM... SURE IS AN *OLD* BIRD! LOOKS TO ME LIKE IT'S ABOUT READY TO MAKE A MEAL FOR THE CATS!

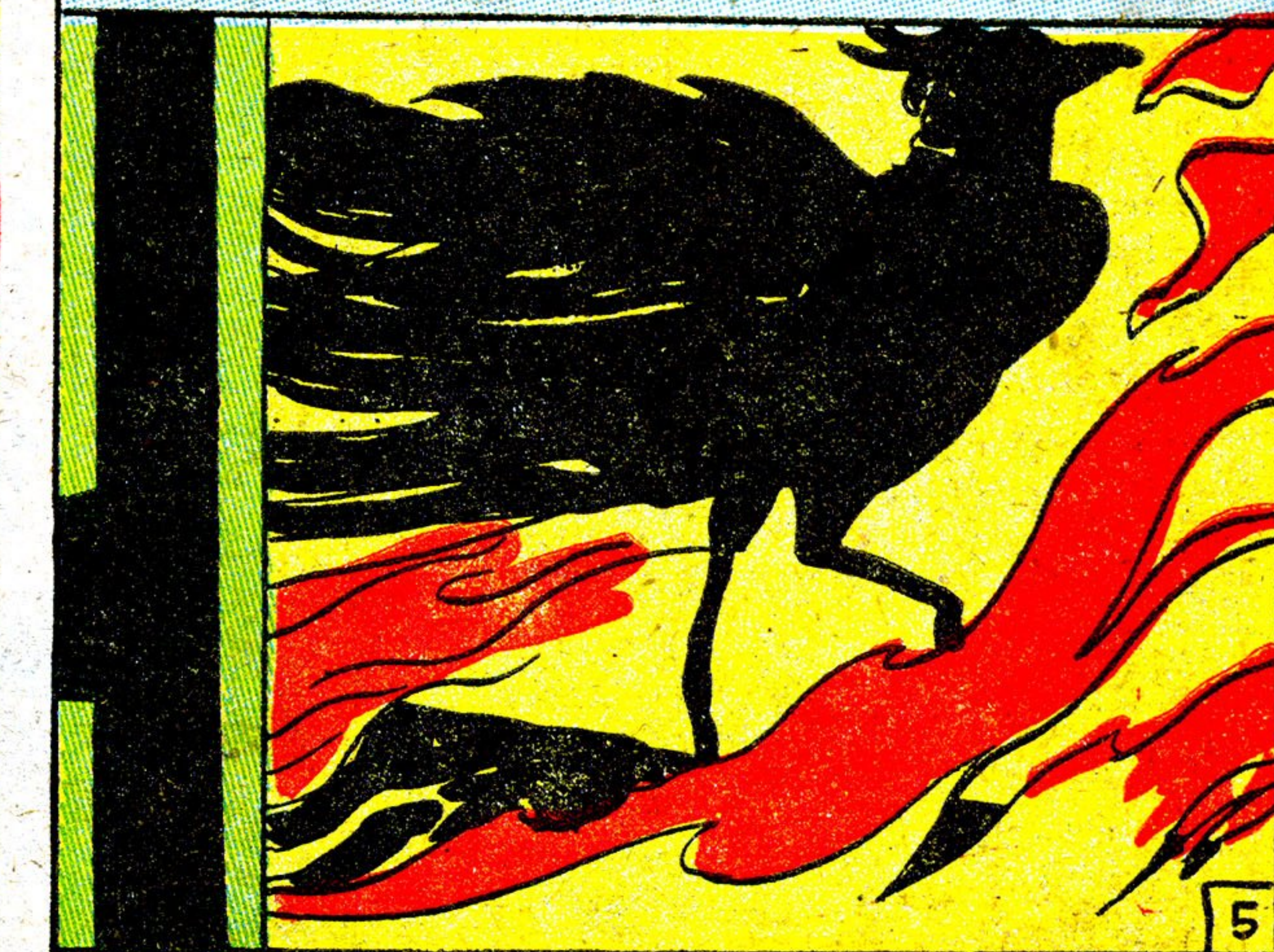
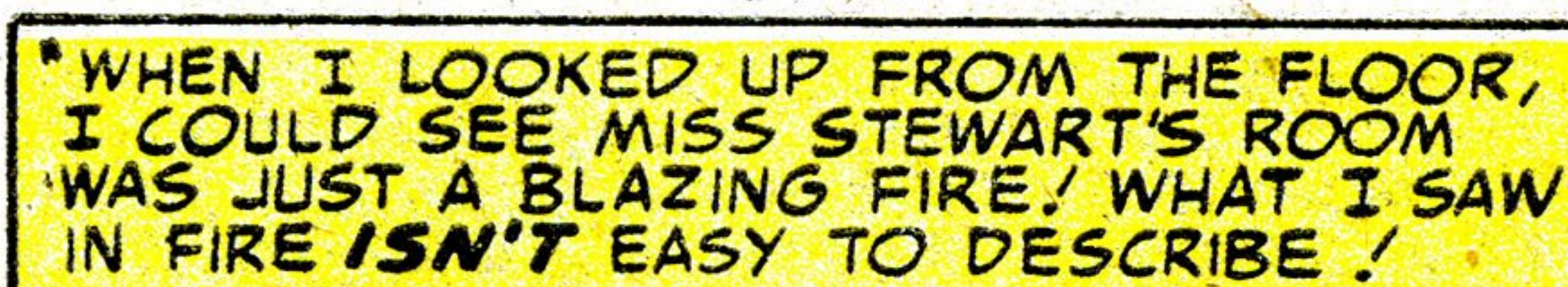
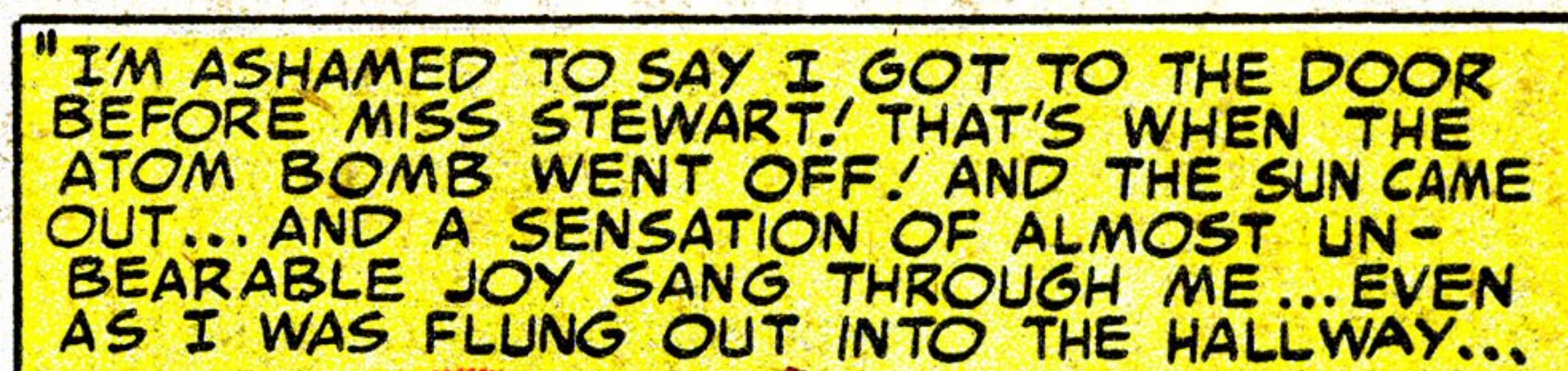
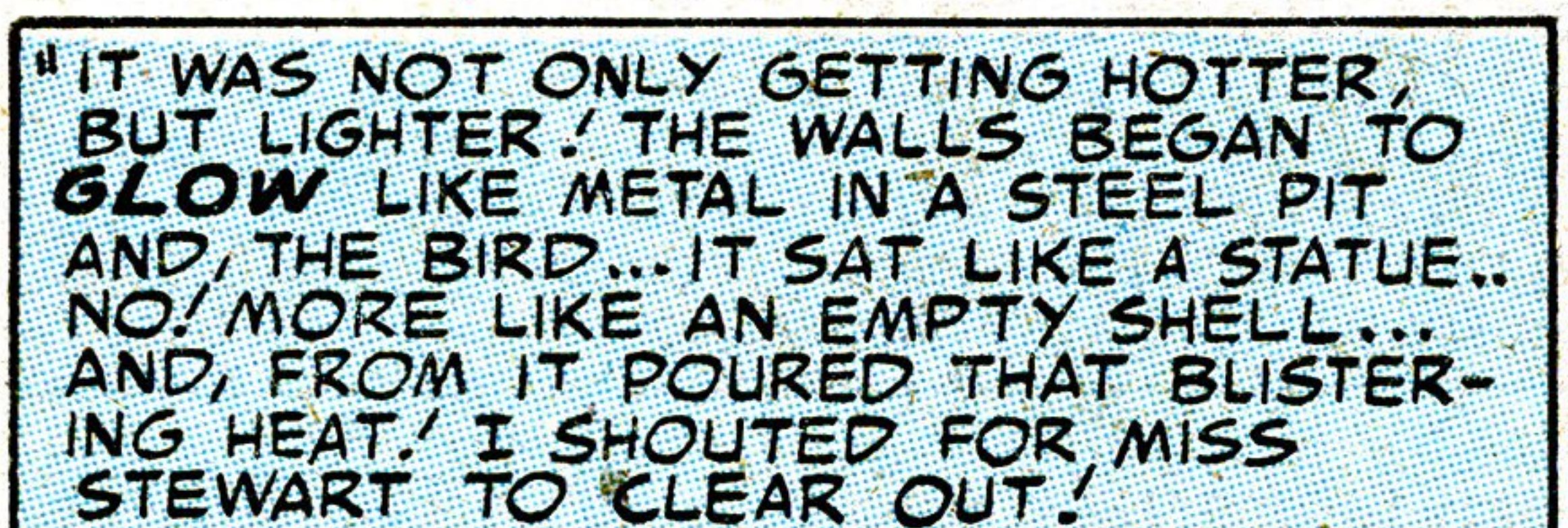
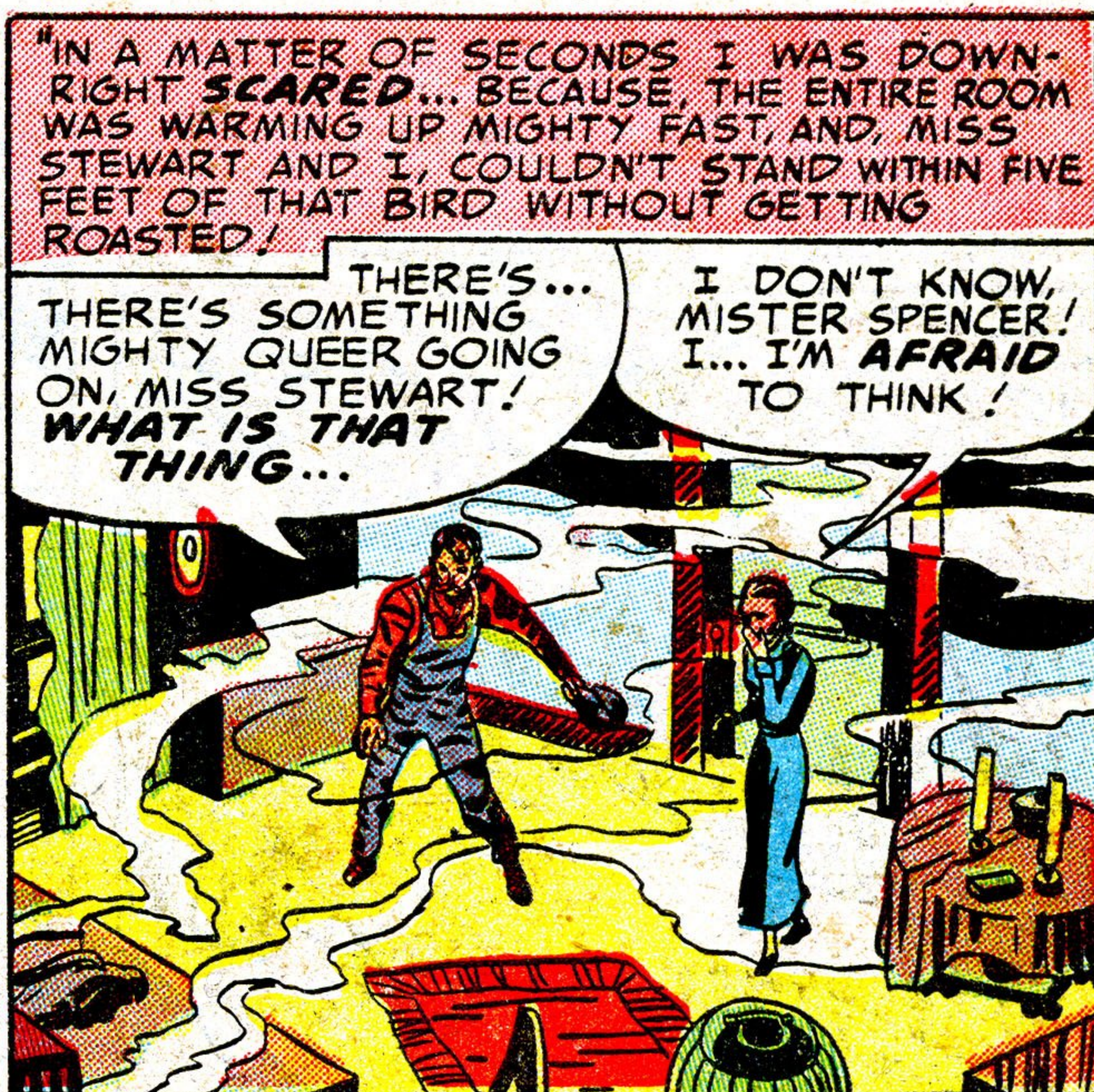
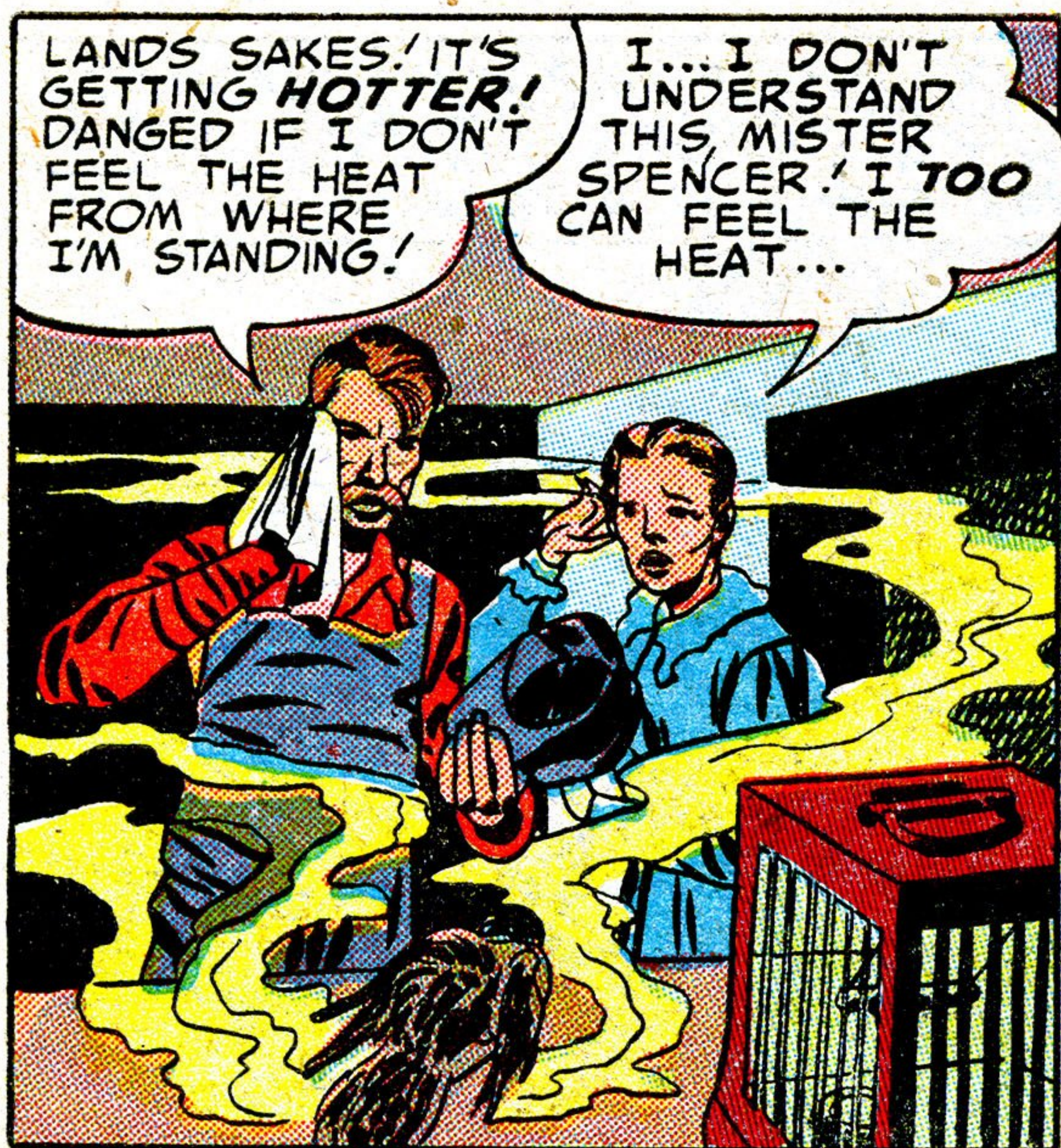
PLEASE, MISTER SPENCER! I WISH YOU'D BE OF SOME *HELP*...



STRANGE... IT FEELS KIND OF *HOT*... LIKE IT WAS RUNNING A FEVER OR THE LIKES...

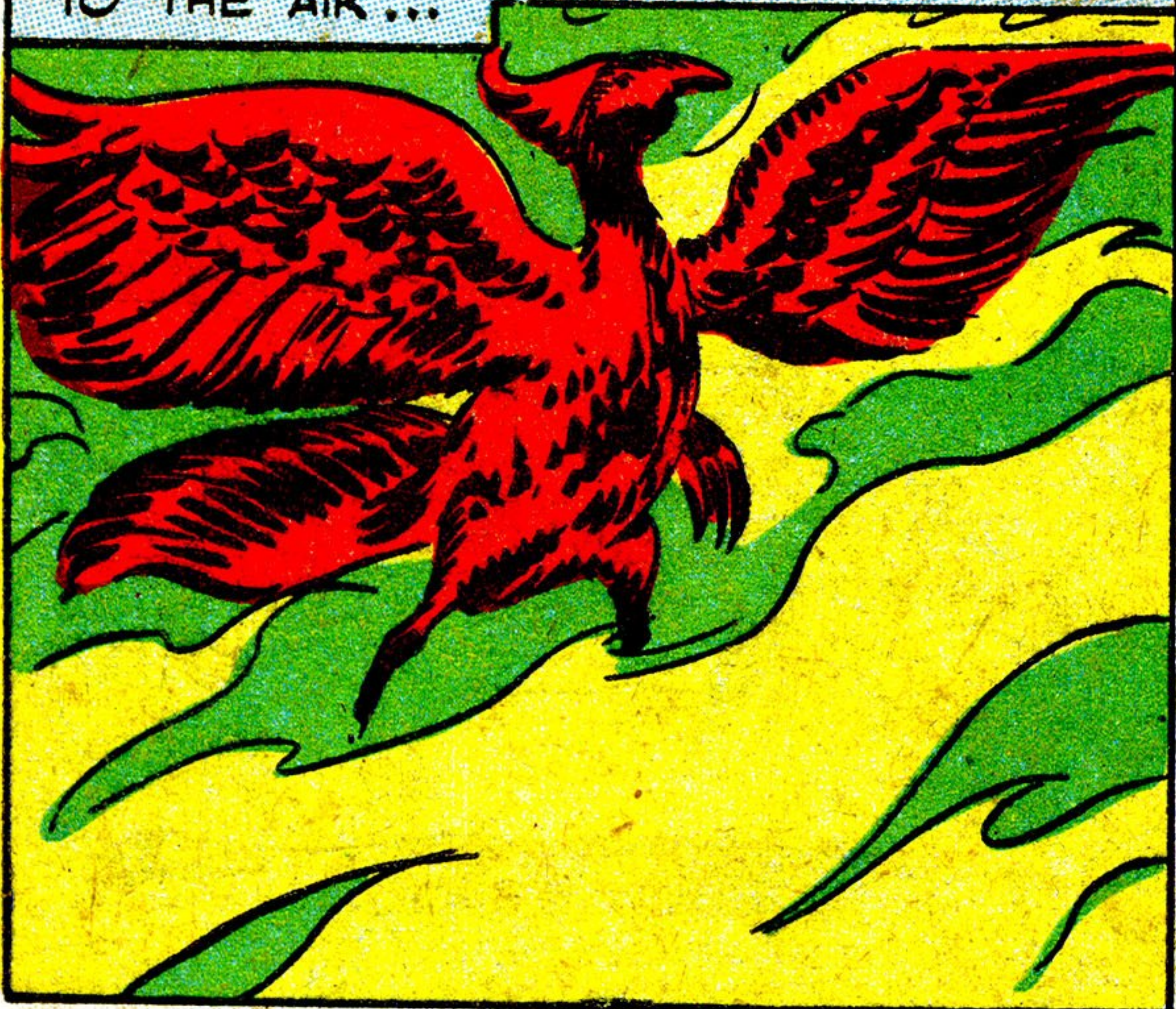




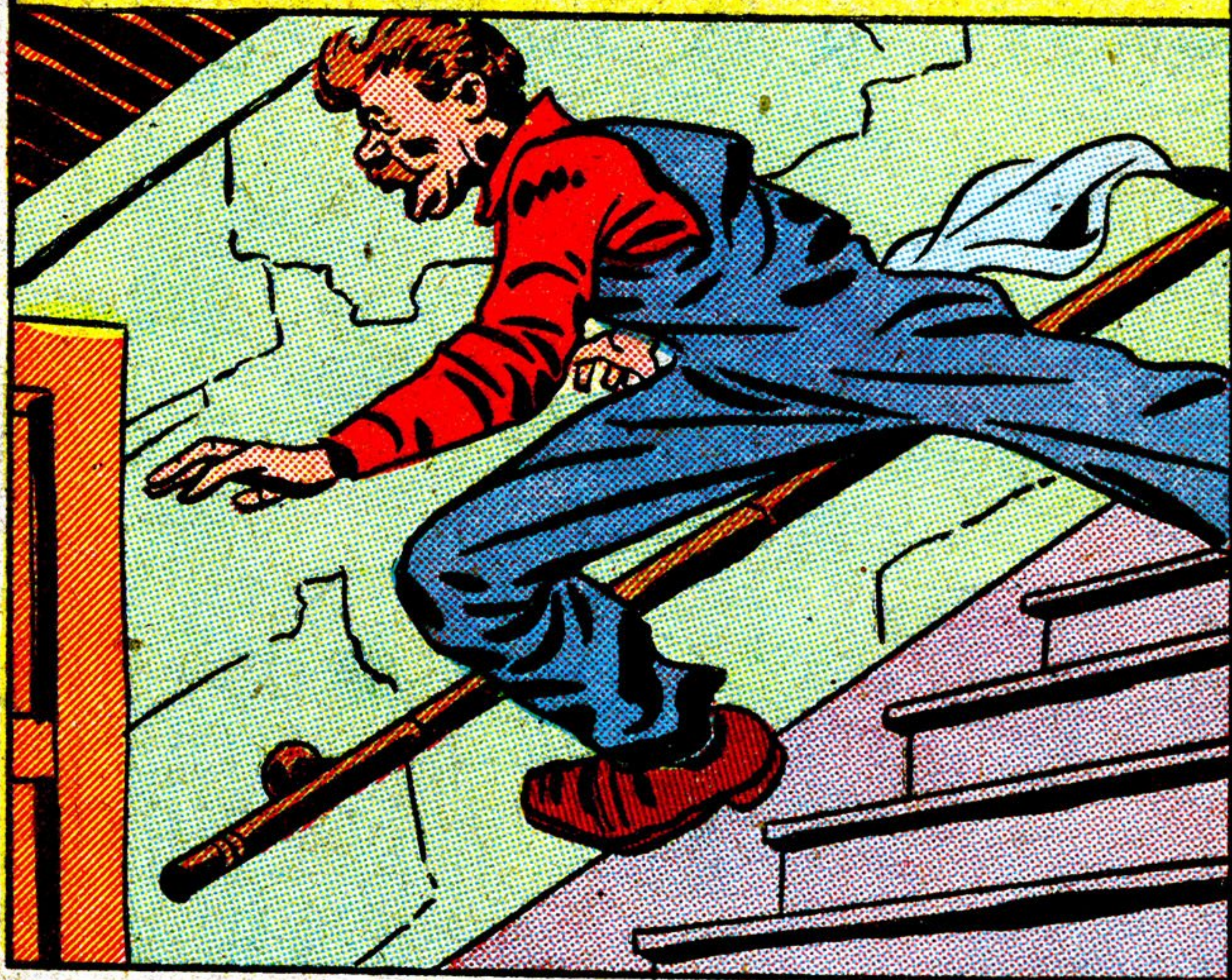




I GUESS MY EYES MUST HAVE BUGGED OUT LIKE SAUCERS AT THE SIGHT OF THAT BEAUTIFUL, **BLOOD-FREEZING** FIRE-BIRD! SUDDENLY, IT RAISED ITS FIERY WINGS... AS IF IT WAS ABOUT TO TAKE TO THE AIR...



"I HEARD MYSELF YELP LIKE A HOUND DOG IN A THORN BUSH! AND, THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS TEARING DOWN THE STAIRS... **THREE STEPS AT A TIME...**"



"THE FIRE CHIEF WAS A BULL OF A MAN, AND HE DIDN'T LIKE WHAT HE SAW WHEN HIS ENGINES CAME CLANGING TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE... NAMELY A BUILDING **WITHOUT** A FIRE! HE LOOKED AT ME ANGRY-LIKE AND INSISTED I PRODUCE ONE... SINCE IT WAS I, WHO HAD TURNED IN THE ALARM!"

I'M NOT A CRACKPOT, CHIEF! THE FIRE IS IN MISS STEWART'S ROOM! I... I'LL SHOW YOU...

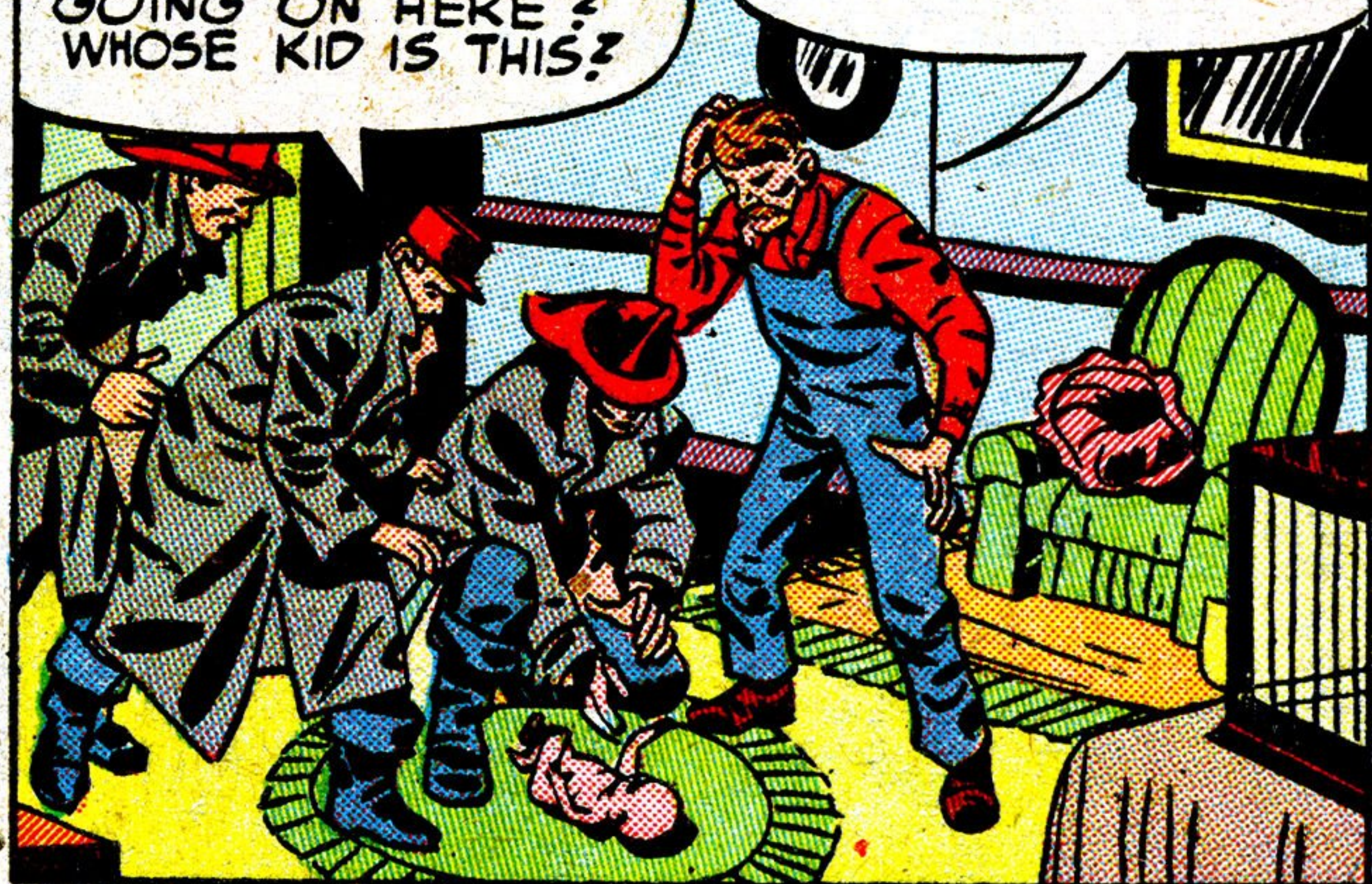
IT BETTER BE THERE, POP! LET'S GO, MEN...



"WE **COULDN'T** FIND A TRACE OF FIRE... OR THE FIREBIRD... OR MISS STEWART! BUT, WE **DID** FIND SOMETHING! AND, I COULDN'T EXPLAIN THAT, ANY MORE THAN I COULD THE REST OF MY STORY..."

A BABY! A NEWBORN BABY! LISTEN, POP! WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING ON HERE? WHOSE KID IS THIS?

I'LL BE DARNED! WELL, I'M JUST HORNSWOGGLED...



"THEY TOOK THE BABY AWAY... AND ME TOO! THERE WERE **MORE** QUESTIONS, FIRED AT ME THAT I COULDN'T ANSWER! FINALLY I WAS RELEASED..."

OKAY, POP! YOU CAN GO NOW! ONLY **DON'T** LEAVE TOWN! WE MAY SEND FOR YOU AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY, LIEUTENANT! I'M JUST GONNA DO A HEAP OF SETTIN'... AND **THINKIN'**...



AND, THAT'S JUST WHAT I DID! I CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN! BUT, I THINK THAT FIRE-BIRD **WASN'T** A BIRD AT ALL... AND, THE FIRE WASN'T THE KIND OF FIRE I THOUGHT IT WAS! AS FOR MISS STEWART'S WHEREABOUTS... WELL, I'M SURE SHE'S ALL RIGHT. **CHANGED** A LITTLE, MAYBE... BUT, IN GOOD HEALTH! YOU SEE I HAD A LOOK AT THAT BABY... **THE ONLY BABY. I EVER SAW... WITH A LIFE TO LIVE OVER!**

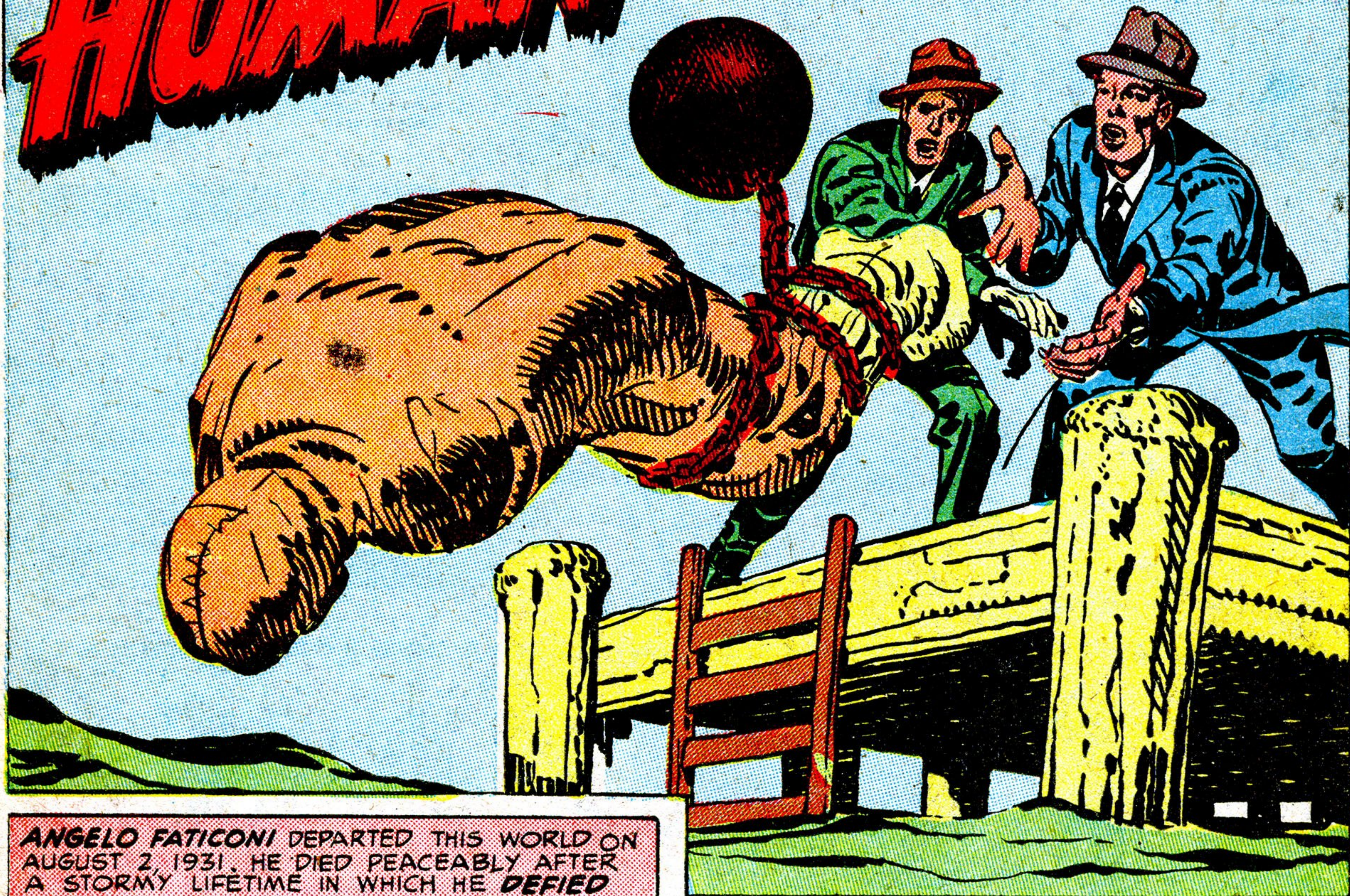
THE END





This is the actual account of a man who was as much at home in the water as you are in your own bed-- He was a man they couldn't drown--

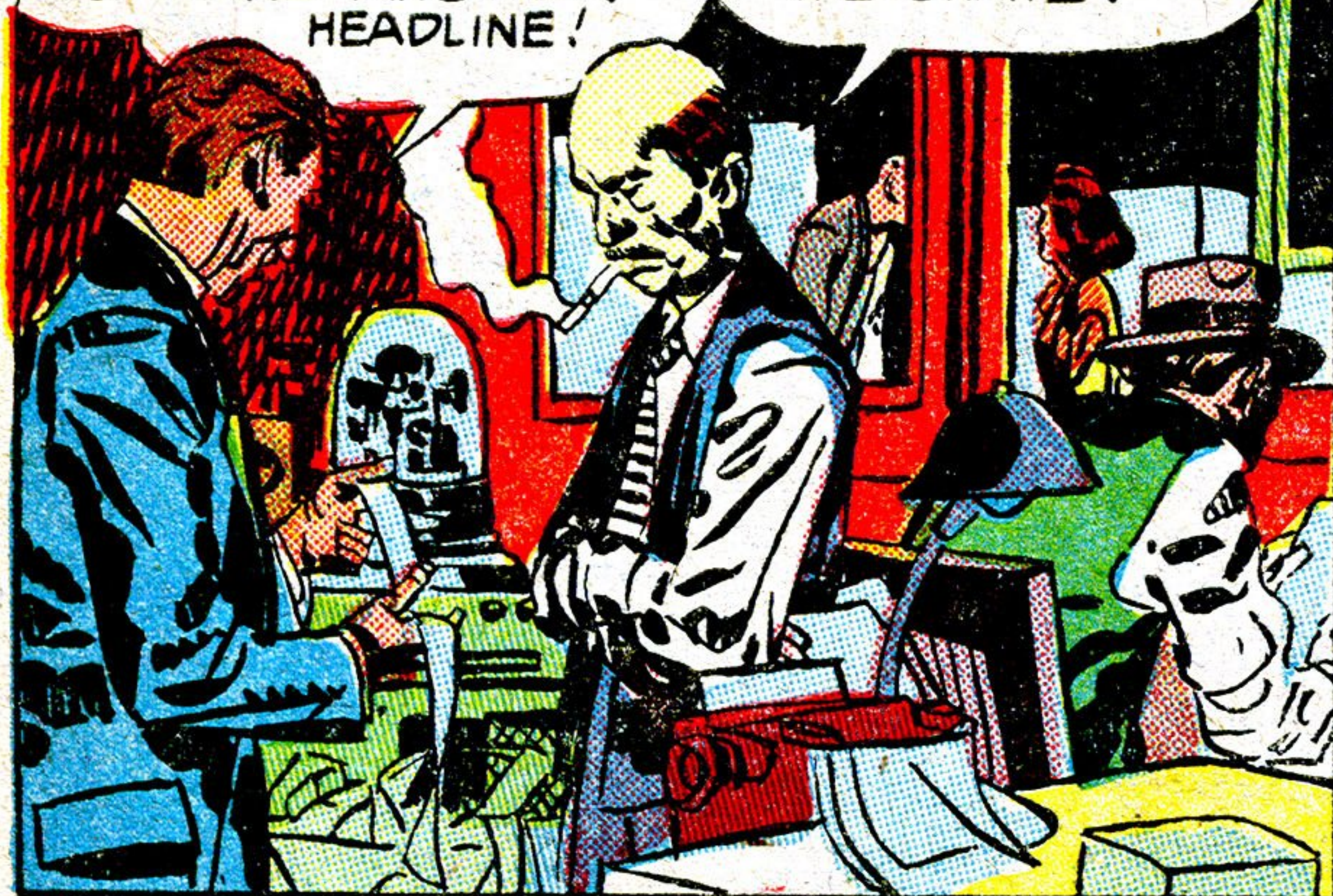
# The HUMAN CORK!!



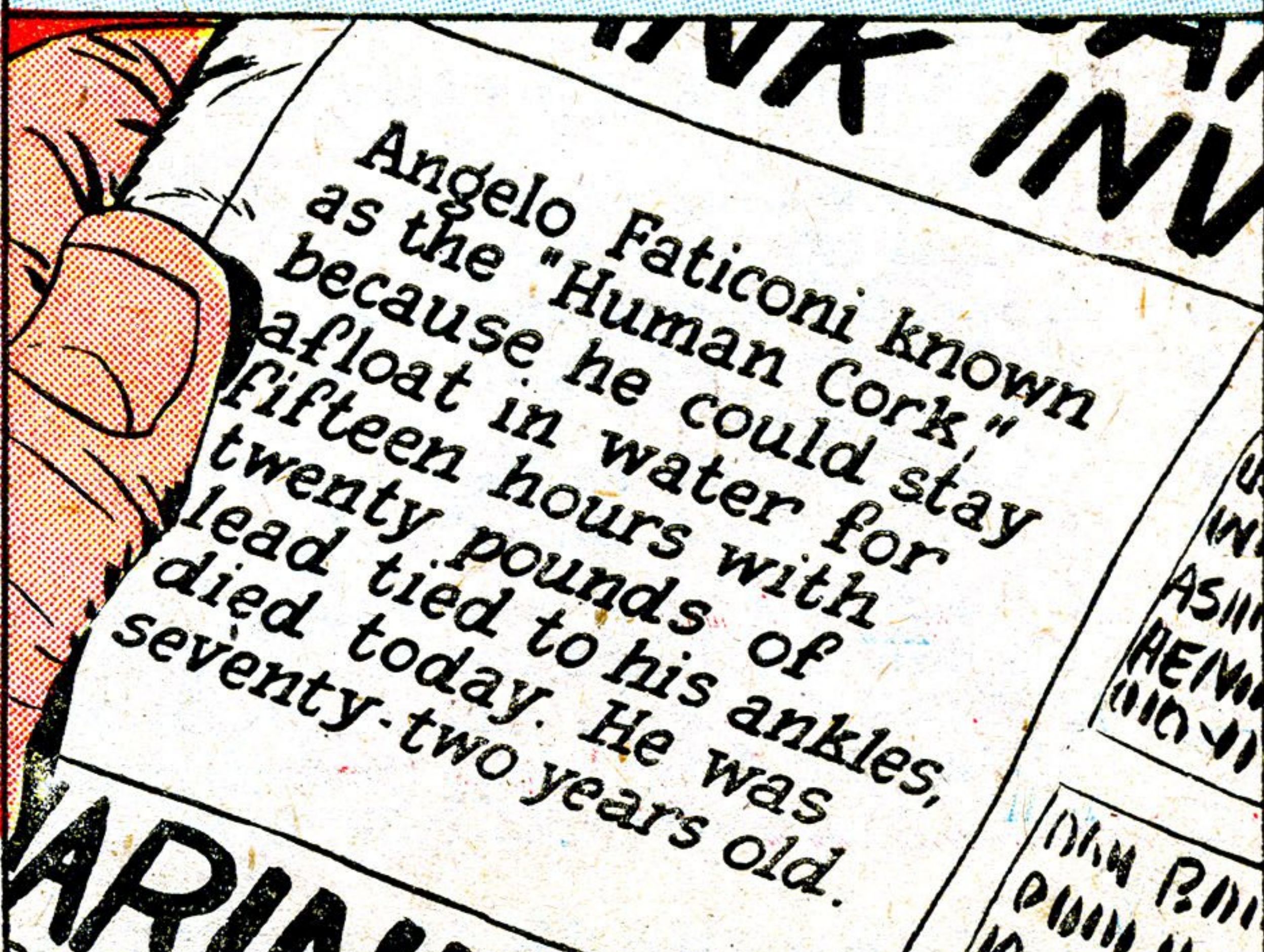
ANGELO FATICONI DEPARTED THIS WORLD ON AUGUST 2, 1931. HE DIED PEACEABLY AFTER A STORMY LIFETIME IN WHICH HE **DEFIED** DEATH MANY TIMES OVER ...

SO HE'S DEAD! THE HUMAN CORK PASSED AWAY IN **BED!** IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IRONIC IF HE'D DIED IN WATER. BUT I GUESS THE OLD FELLOW DIDN'T CARE TO MAKE ANOTHER HEADLINE!

I REMEMBER -- **THE MAN THEY COULDN'T DROWN.** WHAT-EVER HIS SECRET WAS -- HE'S TAKEN IT WITH HIM TO THE GRAVE!



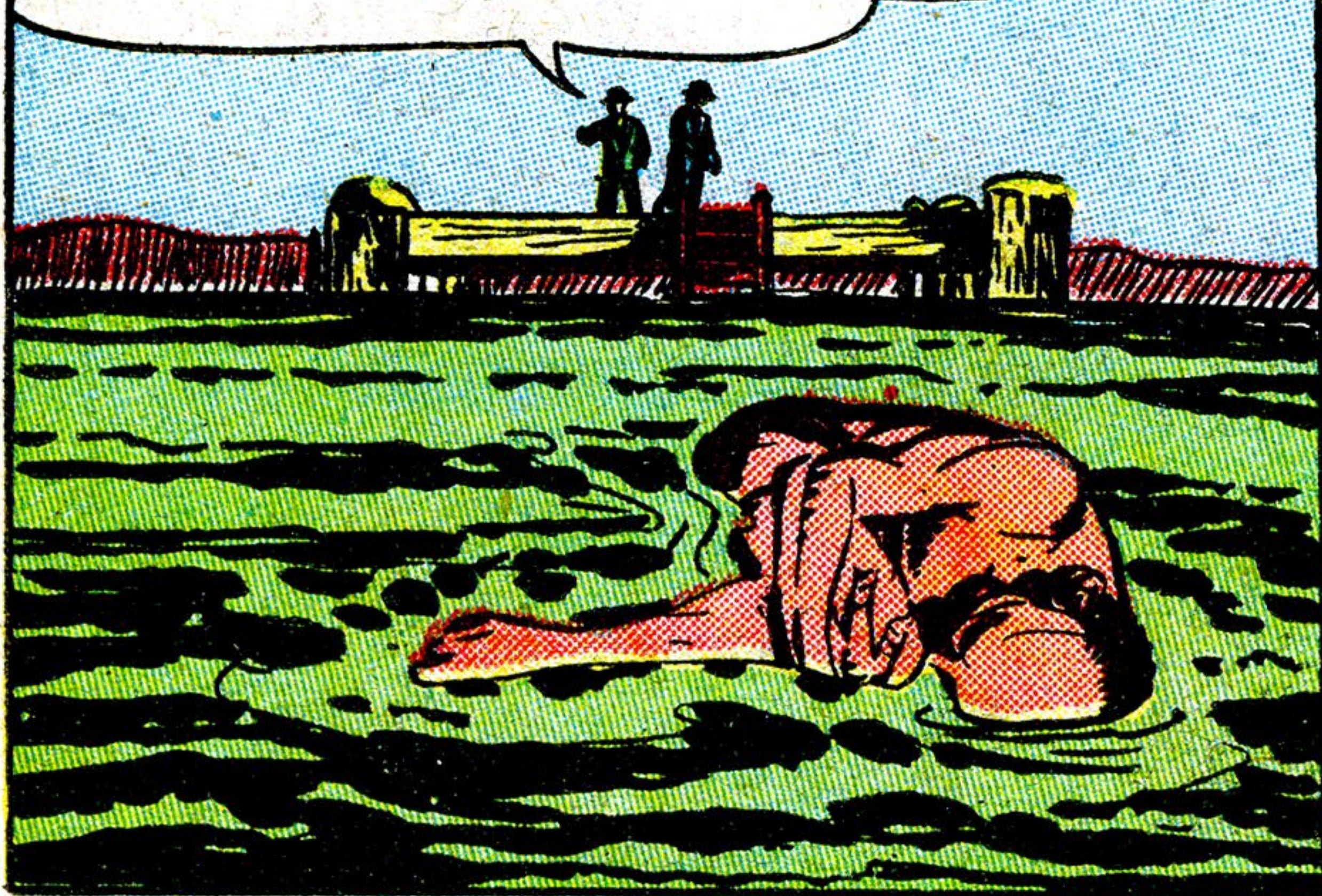
IT WAS **NOT** A BIG STORY OF ITS DAY -- JUST ANOTHER **UNSOLVED** MYSTERY -- MIRACLE -- OR WHAT HAVE YOU. IF YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH YOU MIGHT HAVE READ THE OBITUARY IN THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE OF AUGUST 13, 1931.





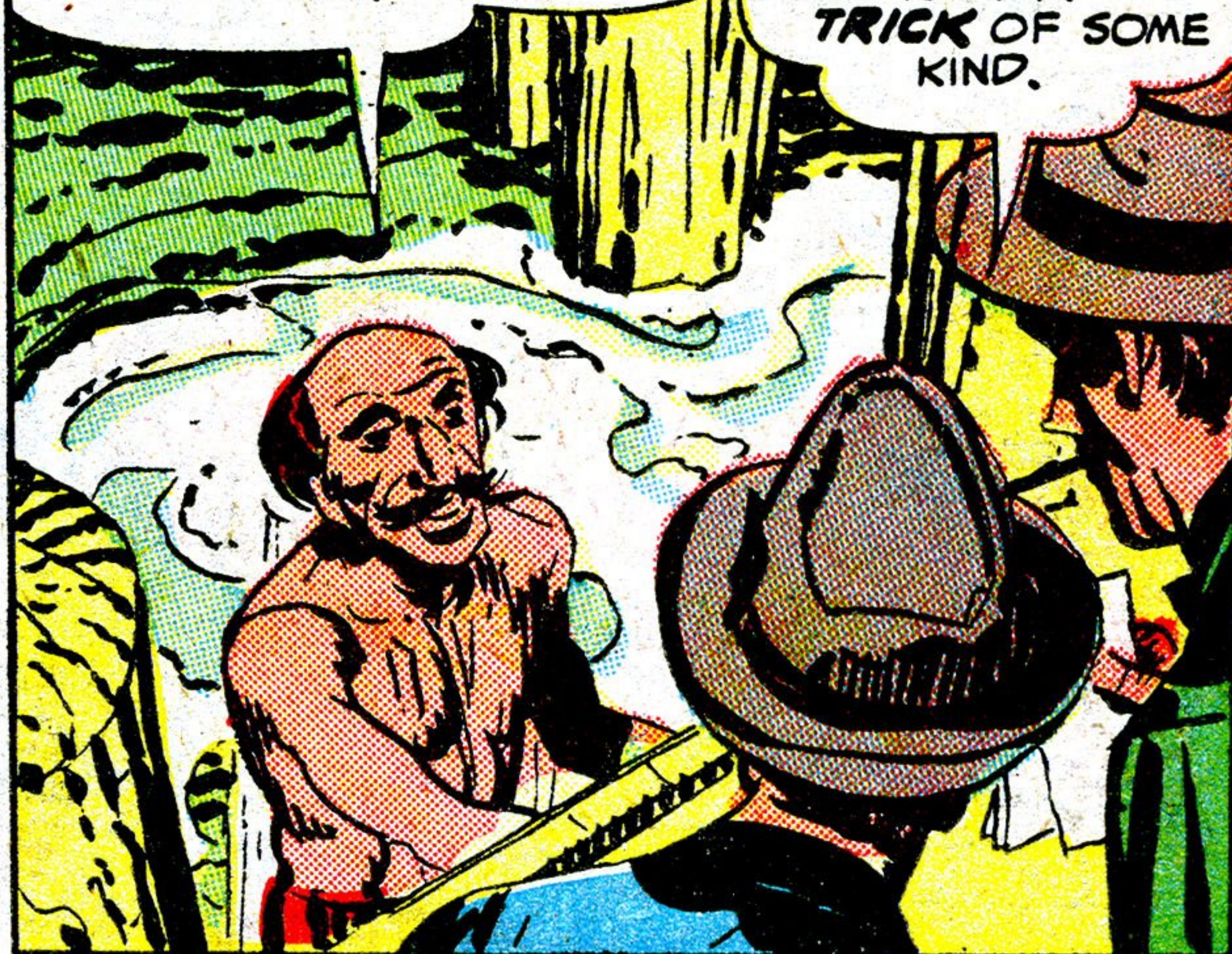
FATICONI FIRST GAINED PUBLICITY BY ANNOUNCING HE WAS PREPARED TO GO TO SLEEP IN WATER...

LOOK AT HIM-- HE'S BEEN FLOATING THERE, MOTIONLESS FOR **HOURS**, ROLLED UP LIKE A BALL, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT-- MAN, A GOOD PERFORMANCE-- BUT OBVIOUSLY A TRICK.



WELL, MATES-- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY **STRANGE** POWERS NOW? I TOLD YOU I COULD SLEEP IN WATER--AND I DID.

NOT BAD, ANGELO-- BUT I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED THAT THE WHOLE ACT ISN'T A **TRICK** OF SOME KIND.



I SEE YOU ARE A MAN WHO DOES NOT READILY BELIEVE WHAT YOUR EYES PERCEIVE-- MEET ME HERE TOMORROW-- I SHALL HAVE **FURTHER** PROOF FOR YOU.

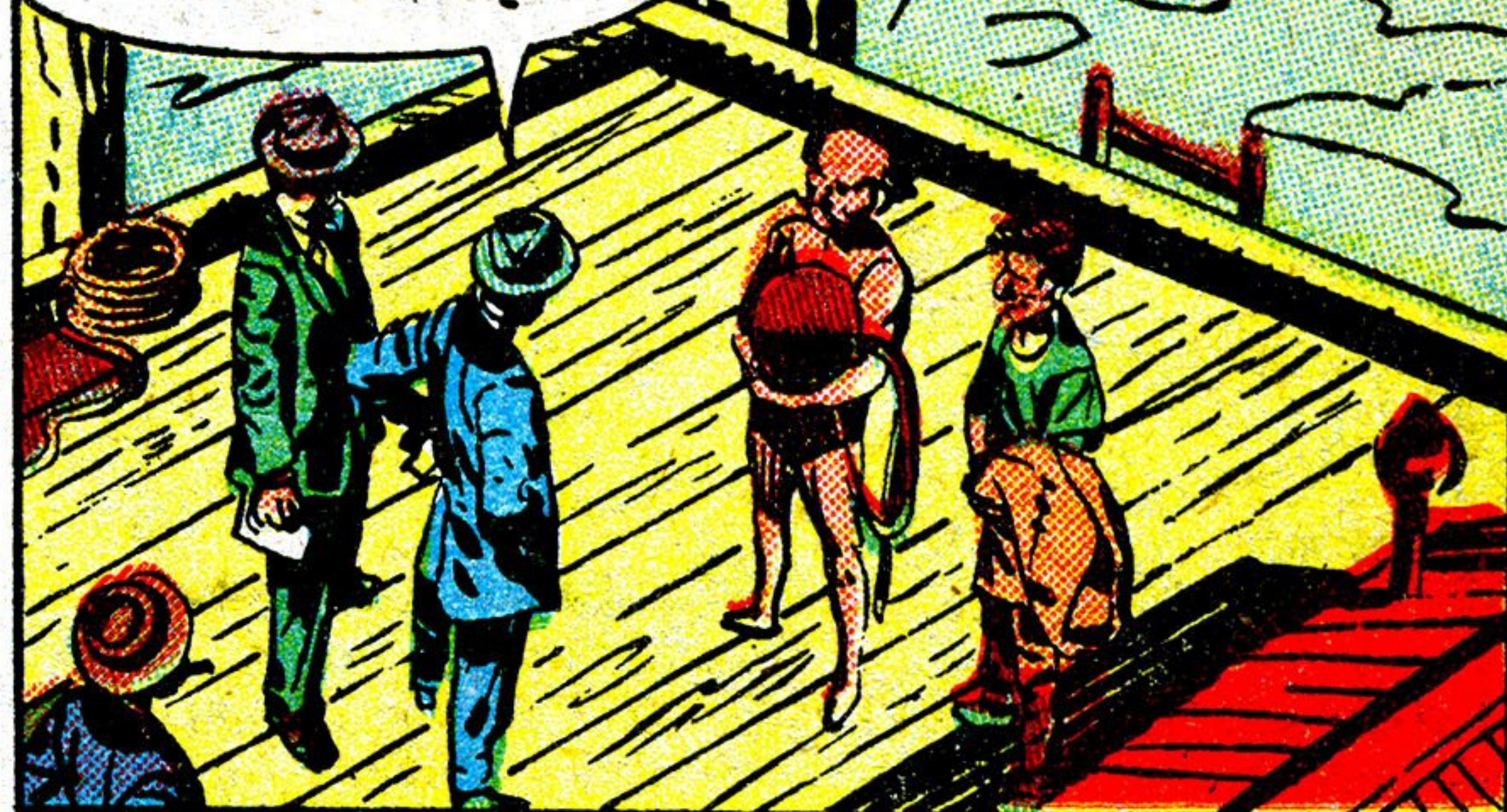
IT'LL HAVE TO BE GOOD, ANGELO, TO MAKE **ME** ADMIT THAT THERE IS MORE TO YOUR CLAIMS THAN MERE CHICANERY.



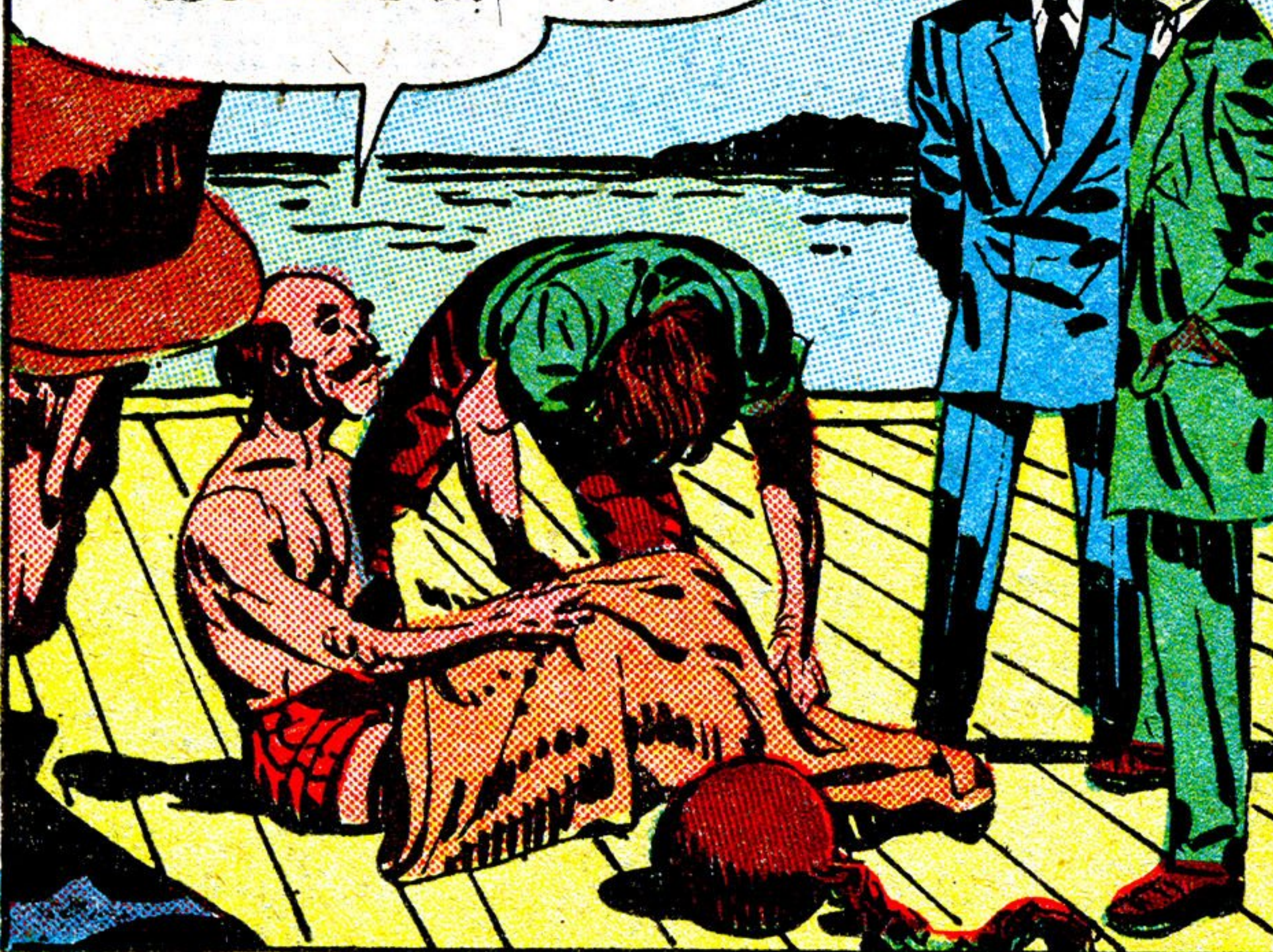
THE FOLLOWING DAY, ANGELO FATICONI RETURNED TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT-- THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS WERE **ASTOUNDED** TO SEE WHAT HE CARRIED WITH HIM.

**A CANNON BALL!** IT WEIGHS TWENTY POUNDS, AT THE VERY LEAST-- WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO WITH THIS?

**LASH IT TO MY LEGS-- BUT FIRST--**

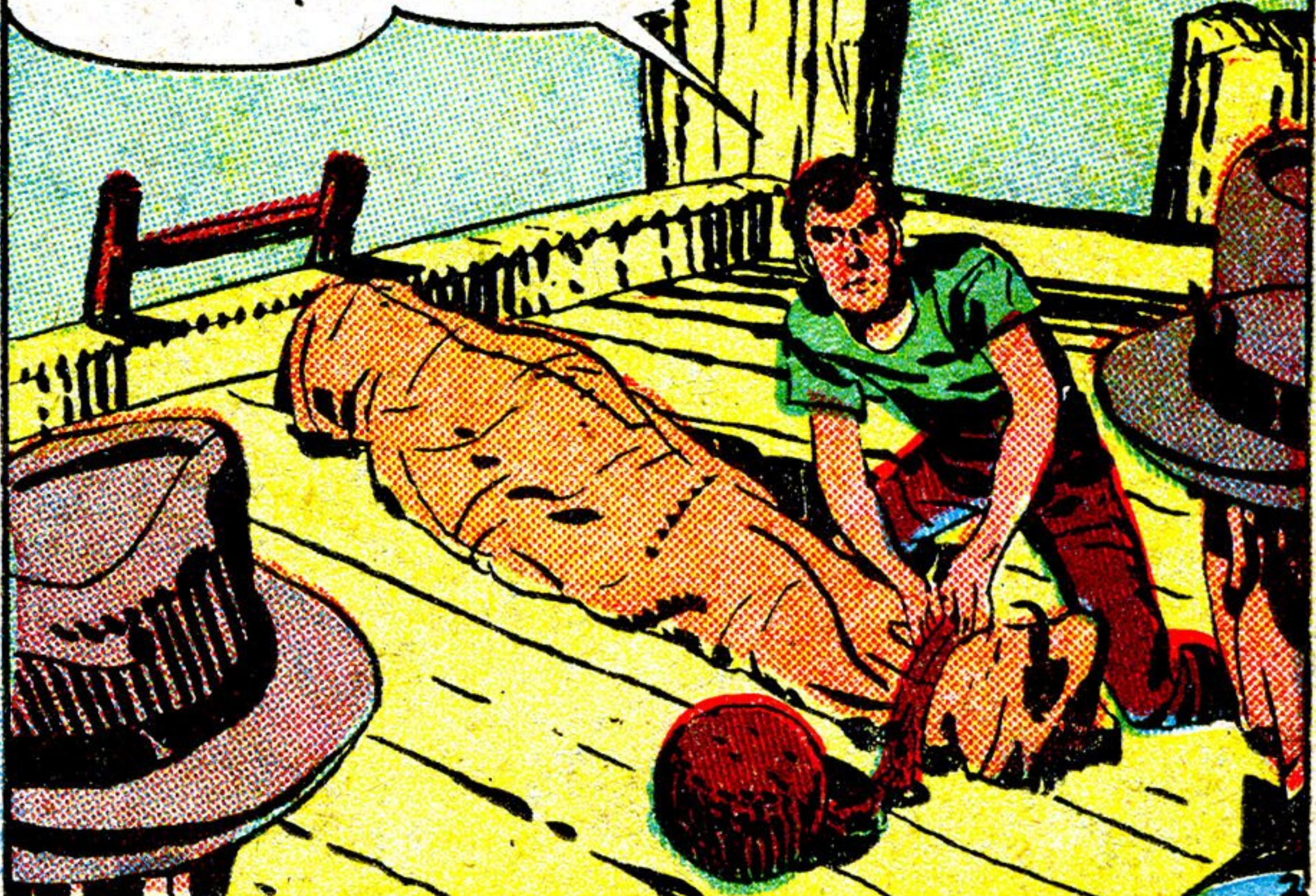


FIRST, I SHALL BE SEWN IN **THIS BAG** BY MY ASSISTANT HERE-- YOU GENTLEMEN ARE FREE TO INSPECT AND EXAMINE THE ENTIRE PROCEDURE ...

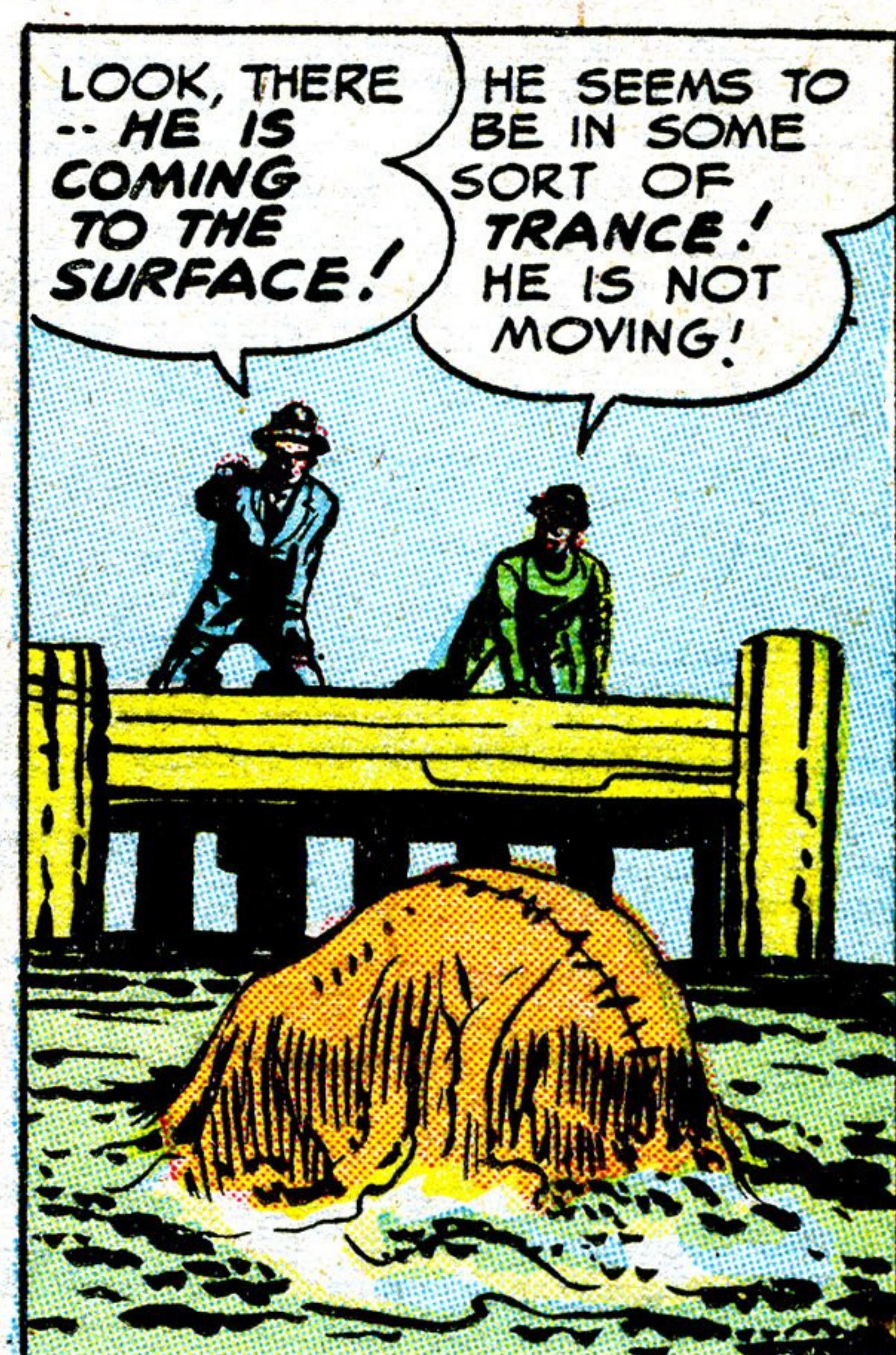
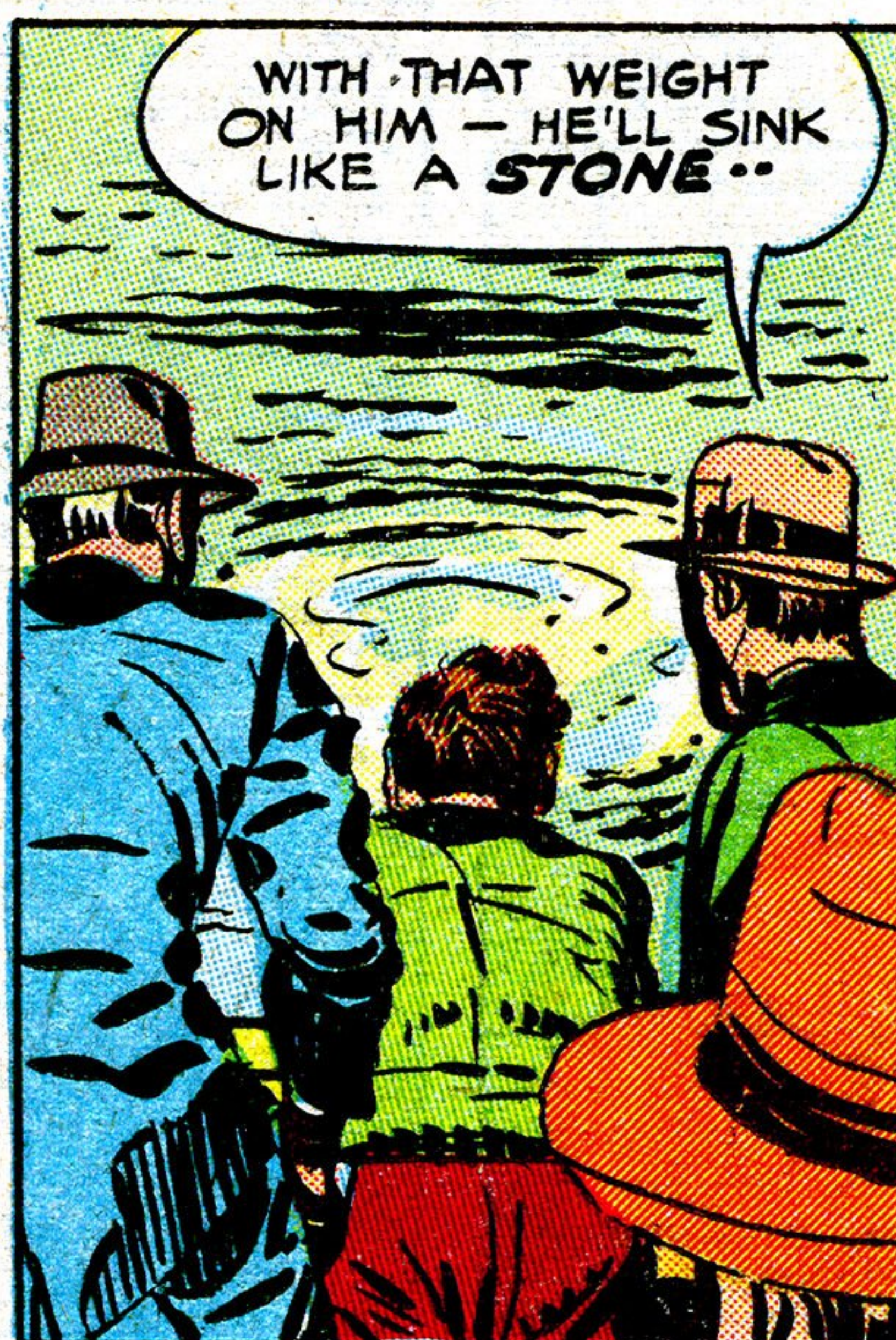


AFTER ANGELO'S PLAN HAD BEEN CARRIED OUT TO SATISFACTION OF ALL OBSERVERS, THE DEMONSTRATION WAS **READY** TO CONTINUE...

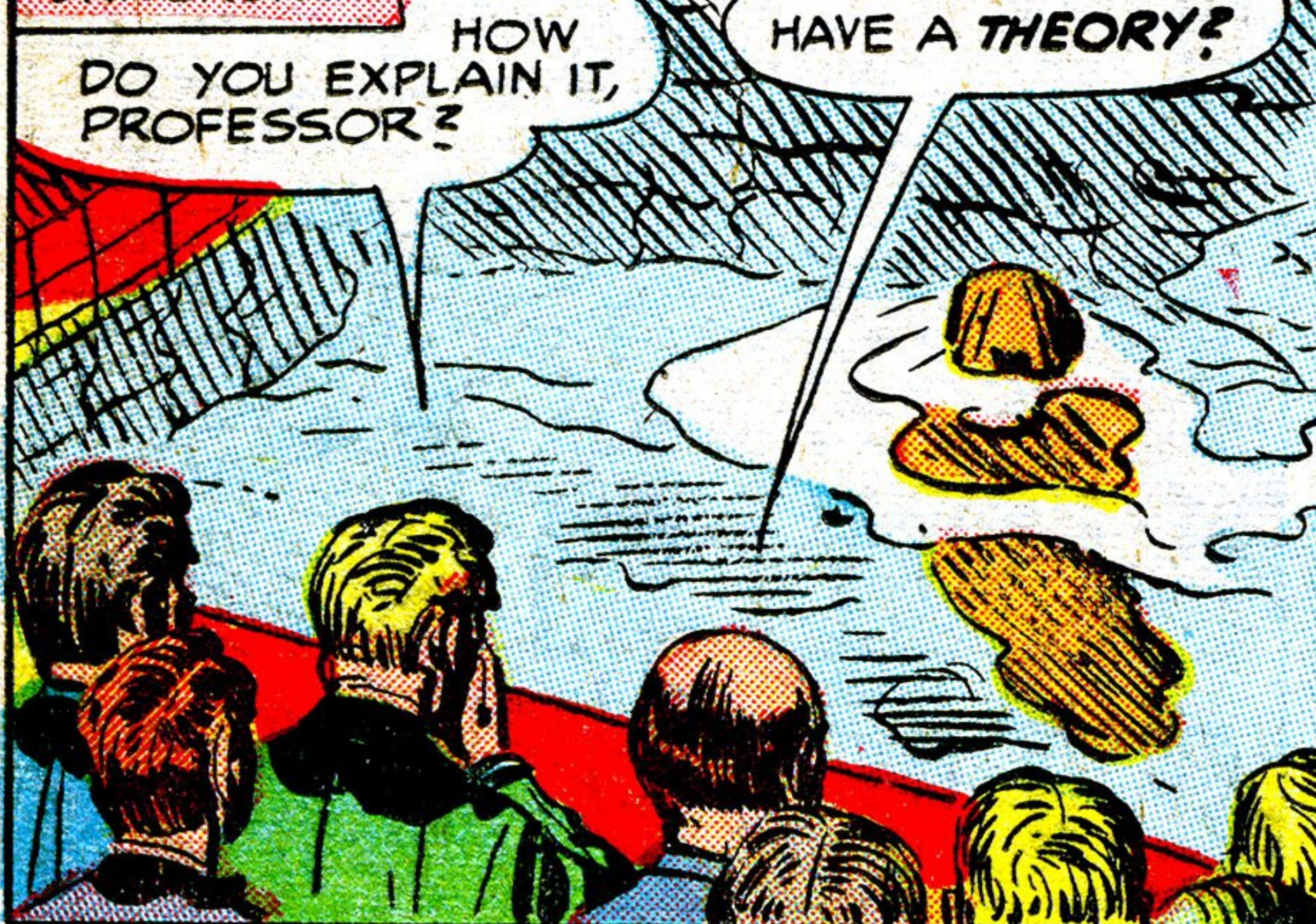
ALL IS IN READINESS, GENTLEMEN-- WILL YOU HELP ME TO **THROW** HIM IN!



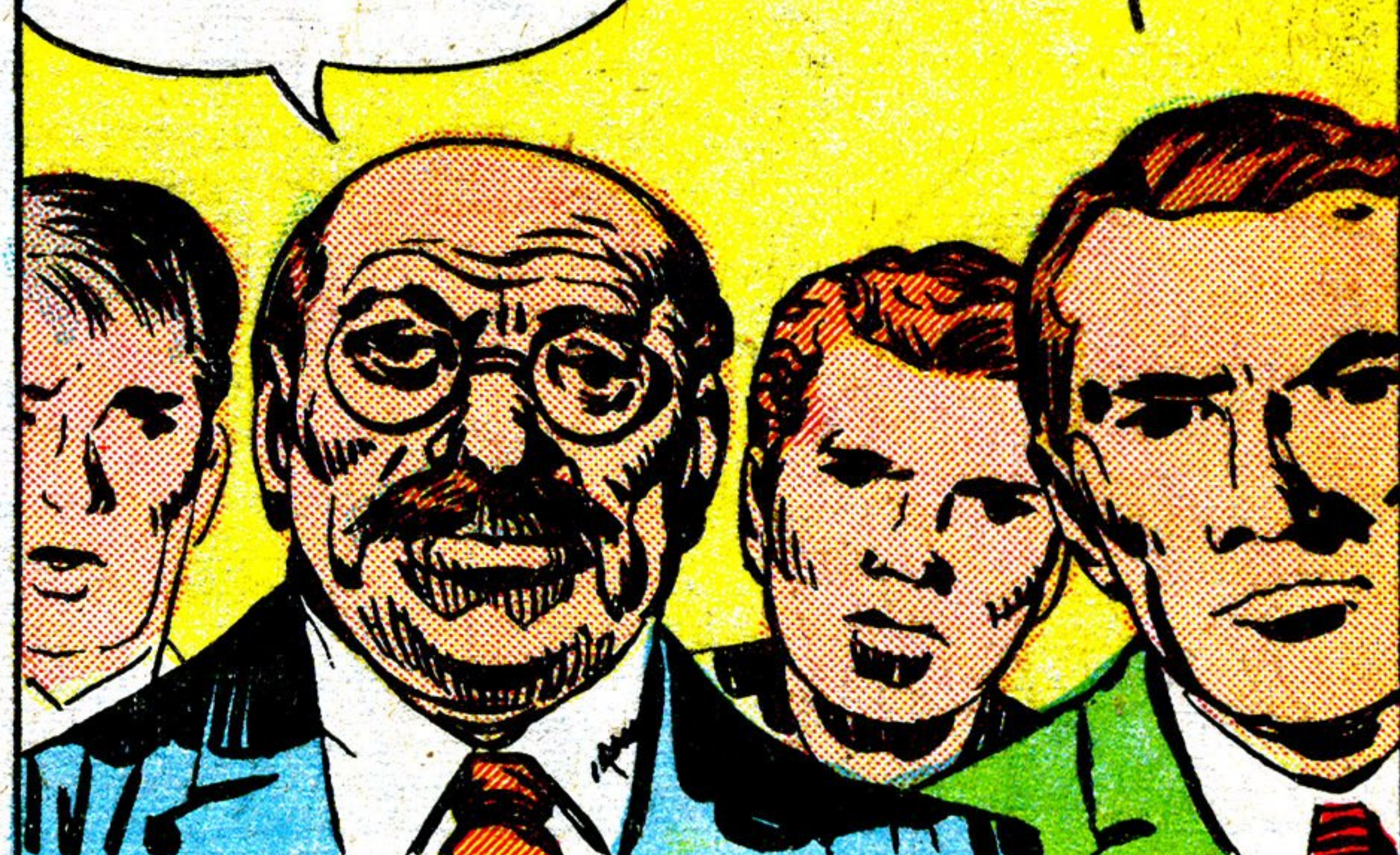




STILL WEIGHED BY THE CANNON BALL, FATICONI REMAINED MOTIONLESS FOR **EIGHT HOURS** WITH ONLY HIS HEAD ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER-- IT WAS A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION WHICH LED TO A PERFORMANCE FOR THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.



I FEEL THAT THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM -- THE NATURE OF HIS **INTERNAL** ORGANS THAT RENDERS HIM ABLE TO FLOAT UPON THE WATER FOR SUCH GREAT LENGTHS...

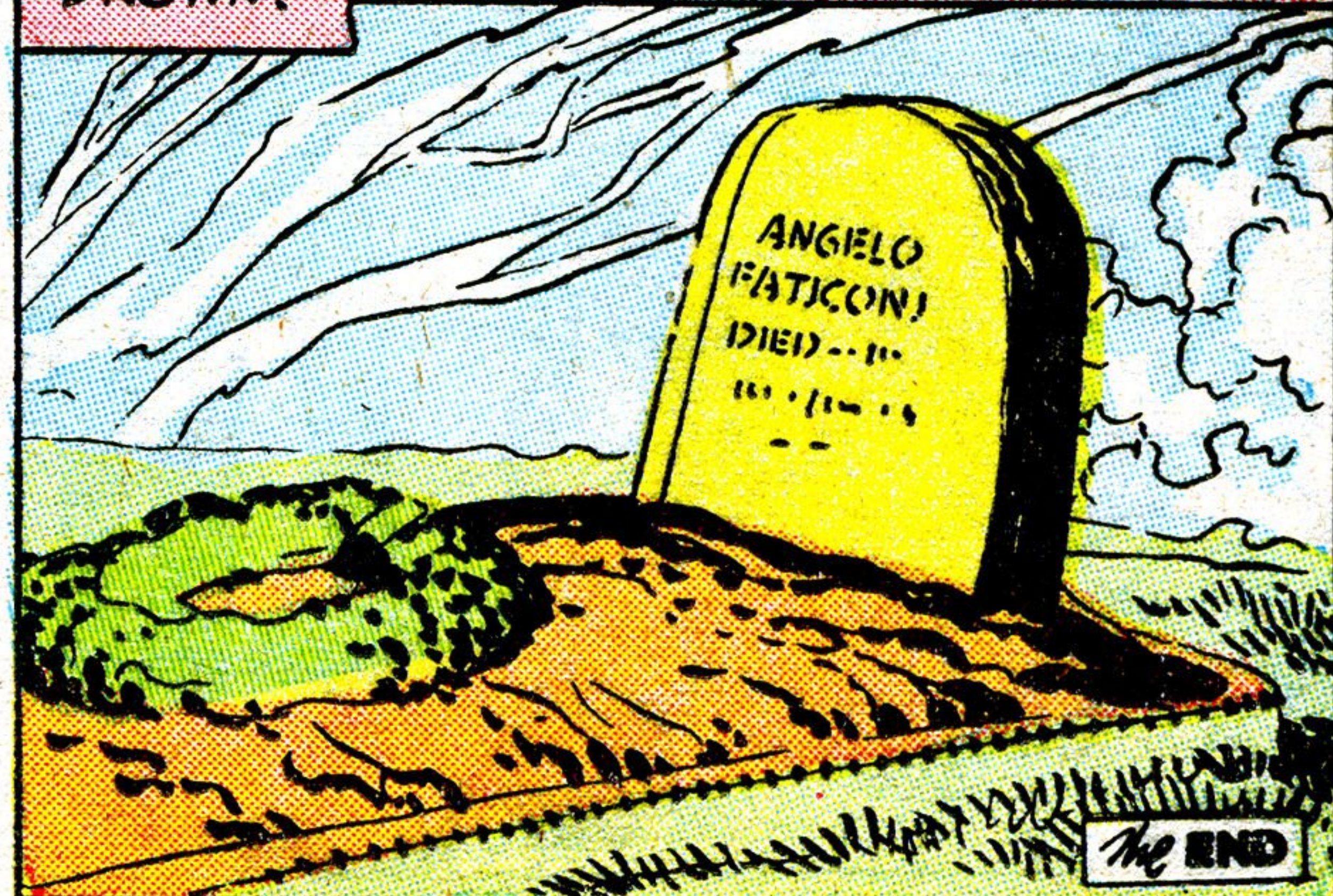


BUT THE MEDICAL AUTHORITIES WHO EXAMINED HIM **FAILED** TO FIND SUPPORT FOR THE PROFESSOR'S THEORY.

IF WE ARE EVER TO LEARN THIS MAN'S POWERS, IT MUST COME FROM HIS **OWN** LIPS-- I AM AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE PHENOMENON!



THE GORK WENT TO HIS DEATH, CARRYING HIS STRANGE SECRET WITH HIM -- THERE ARE SOME WHO SUSPECT THAT ANGELO FATICONI'S **MIRACULOUS** POWERS STEMMED FROM AN ENORMOUS CAPACITY FOR **CONCENTRATED WILL POWER!**-- WE SHALL NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MAN THEY COULDN'T DROWN.





# THE LIGHT

I have been blind since childhood, but light has twice been an important factor in my life. The first time anything happened I was seventeen. I had learned every piece of furniture in the house, every corner and stair. It was hard for a stranger to tell that I was blind.



In a large back yard I had a seeing eye dog, named Rex. He was not only my eyes, but my faithful and devoted companion. I had no brothers or sisters and relied upon him as a playmate.

It was raining and lightning very heavily one afternoon, when I went out with a plate of food for Rex. A solid wall of light suddenly appeared in my eyes. The light was so bright it hurt and frightened me. My first thought was that I could see and I stood for a moment not able to move. A clap of hard, vibrating thunder brought me back to reality, and with it the noise of a falling tree. The smell of burning wood filled my nostrils.

My mother suddenly grasped me into her arms, saying that if I had taken three more steps I would have been under the falling tree. I told her about the light I had seen and she said she could not believe it was the lightning, that it must have been a warning.

I was twenty when the depression hit us. Father was working in a factory putting nuts and bolts on sheet metal and was the first to lose his job. My father was quite old and even though he had been with his company for eighteen years, they let him out. Because of his age he could not find steady work. The few jobs he got barely kept us in food.

After two years of impoverished living we were wearing twice mended castoffs and my father was bringing home dry bread and watery soup to keep us alive.

One evening we were huddled around the kitchen table in our usual silent mood when my father said, "Well, Bessie—we lose the house Monday if we don't pay three hundred and four dollars. The bank can't carry us any longer!"

My mother broke into tears. It was a complete surprise to me. I knew we were back on our taxes, as were many others, but a mortgage had never been mentioned.

Along silence occurred, except for my mother's quiet weeping, but eventually my father spoke again of another subject that was completely new to me. "If we could only find that manuscript!"

I thought there would be words following, but that was all he said. Finally I asked, "What manuscript, Father? And what good would a manuscript do?"

My father drew in a deep breath and let it out noisily, "Your Uncle Arthur is a very wealthy man, Rodney, because he stole a manuscript that I wrote. He sold it to a publisher. It was a new subject at the time, completely unexplored, and found a tremendous audience. Arthur is still receiving royalties from it. I tried to sue him, but the courts threw it out because of lack of evidence. I had lost the original manuscript, the only copy I had and the only proof I had. I had sent it to myself and the postmark was dated a full year before Arthur claimed that he wrote it. Mother and I have searched the house over and over; the only thing I can figure is that Arthur must have stolen the original too."

Father went on to explain that the incident had hit him so hard, he gave up the whole idea of becoming a writer.

Later that night, I started up the steps to bed, wondering where I would sleep come Monday night, when a sharp beam of light appeared to my blinded eyes. It was a shaft of light that ended at the library door. I followed it, and on opening the door, the beam of light shot out and across the room, ending at the book shelves.

When I reached the book shelves something guided my hand along the back. I found that the plywood backing had come loose and that there was an empty space behind the built-in book cases. I ran my arm into the opening, after pushing the board back more and my hand struck an object lodged halfway to the floor.

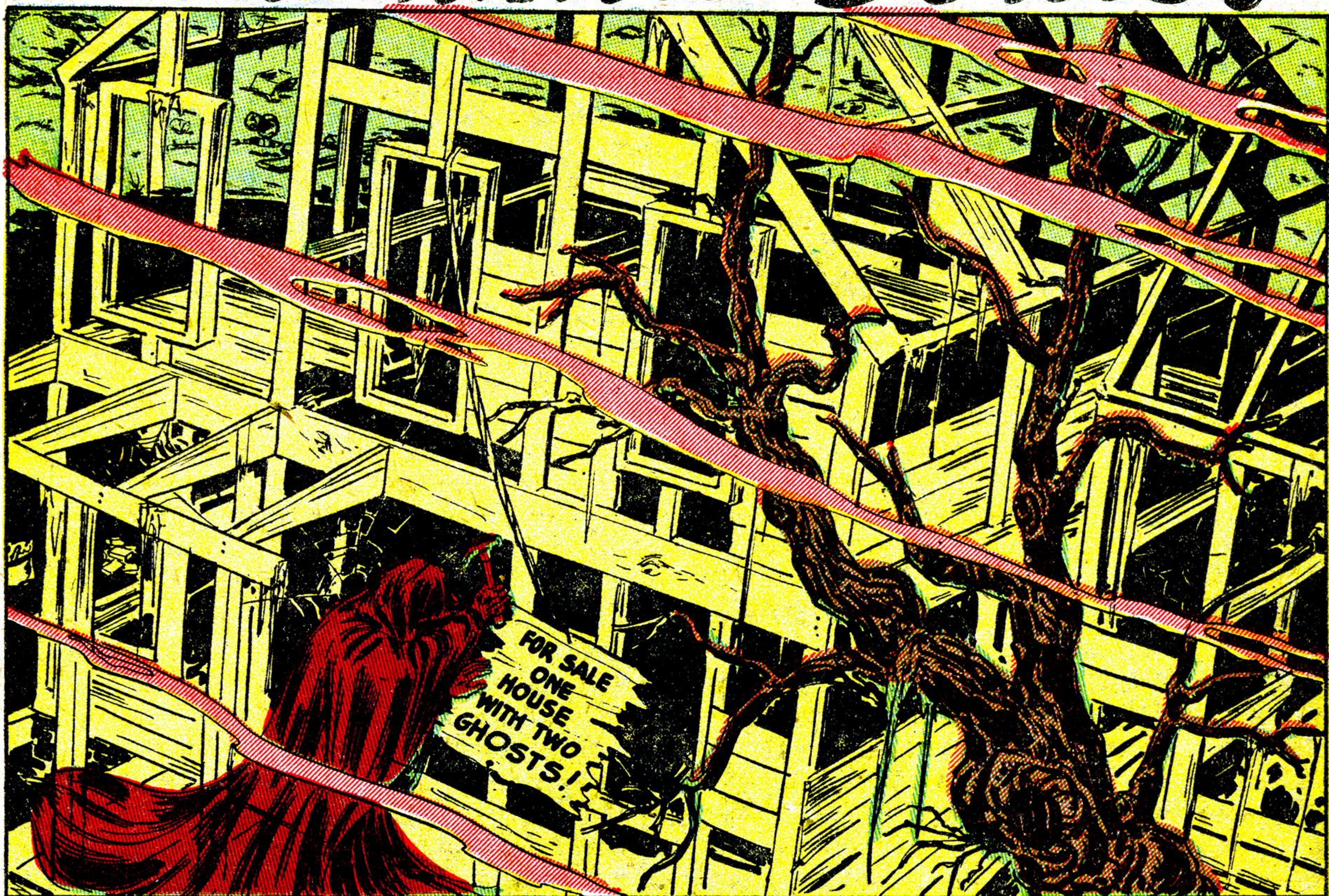
No one had to tell me that it was the manuscript. The moment I felt the dusty envelope I knew we would not lose our home.

My father took the manuscript to a lawyer and he agreed to bring my mother's brother to court. The bank extended the mortgage on the strength of it, and now we live decently and modestly on the money that was rightfully my father's over ten years ago.



AMONG THE ANNALS OF THOSE WHO RECORD THE TRAVELS OF PHANTOMS, YOU WILL FIND EVIDENCE OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO TRAVELLED TOGETHER EVEN BEYOND THE GRAVE. HOW ELSE WOULD YOU EXPLAIN THIS CASE OF

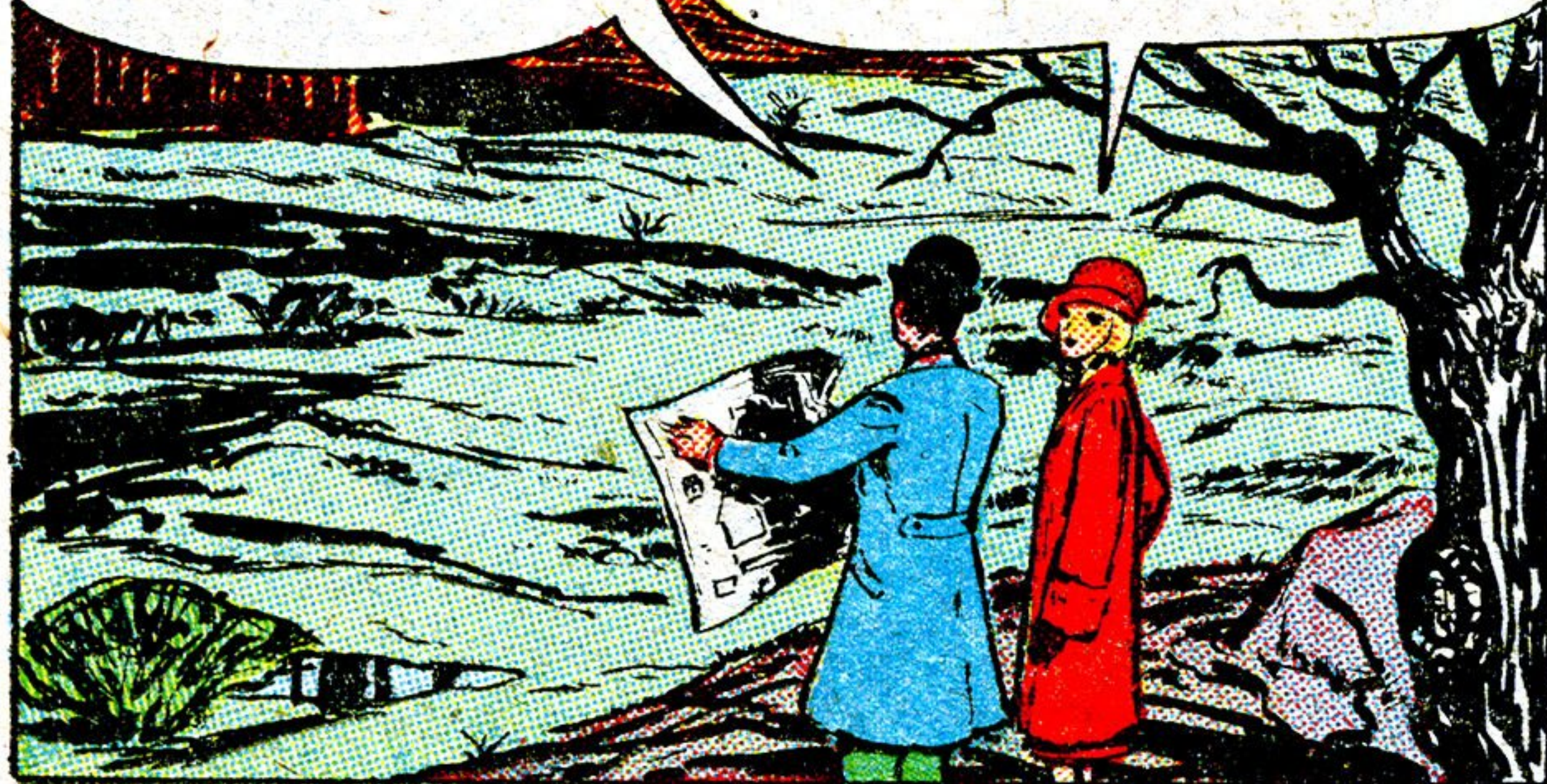
# The Romantic Souls!



LIKE LOVERS THROUGHOUT TIME, MARIA DANBURY AND CHARLES WINSTON BELIEVED THAT THEIR LOVE WAS FATED BY A DIVINE POWER AND WOULD LAST THROUGH ETERNITY... THEY WERE WED IN THE WINTER OF 1928 AND SOON SOUGHT AN ESCAPE FROM THE NOISE AND HUSTLE OF THE CITY...

WE SHALL BUILD OUR HOUSE IN THIS VALLEY, LITTLE MARIA... WHERE ONLY THE RICH EARTH AND GENTLE TREES WILL SHARE OUR HAPPINESS...

YOU SPEAK THE WORDS OF A POET, MY HUSBAND! WILL YOU BE SO GENTLE AND ADORING WHEN I HAVE LOST MY YOUTH AND GROWN OLD AND HAGGARD?



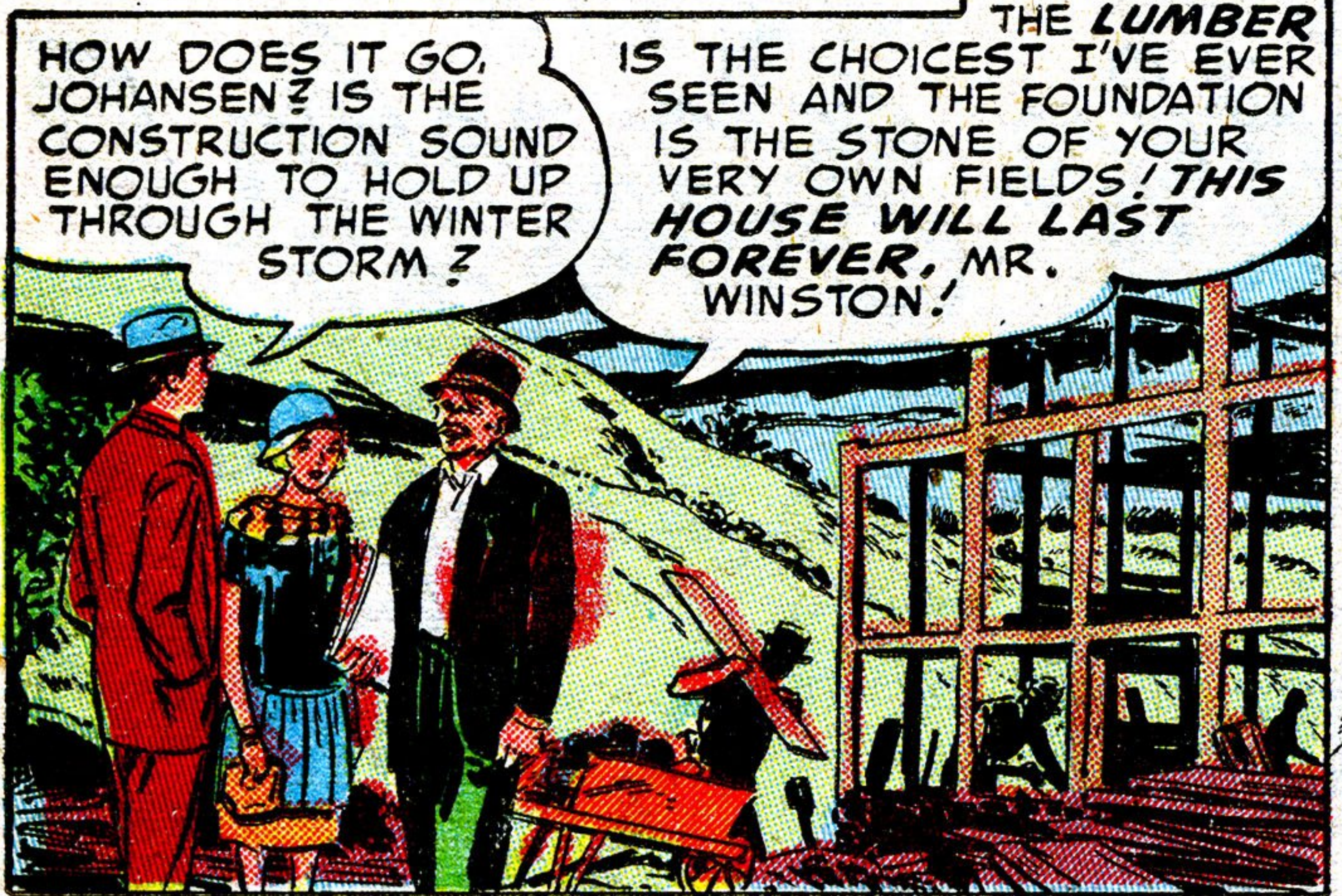
TO ME YOU WILL ALWAYS BE BEAUTIFUL, MARIA... FOR OUR LOVE IS LIKE WINE... IT MELLOWS AND GROWS MORE PRECIOUS WITH THE YEARS.

I WAS ONLY JOKING, CHARLES... I SHALL ALWAYS LOVE YOU-- FOREVER AND EVER--





AS THE WINTER BLOSSOMED INTO SPRING, THE STONE AND WOOD OF THEIR HOUSE TOOK FORM AND SLOWLY AROSE OUT OF THE RICH SOIL OF MARIA'S VALLEY... IT WAS ALMOST AS IF THE CARPENTERS AND MASONS WHO WORKED THERE FOUND AN INSPIRATION FROM THE LOVE THAT WAS ABOUT THEM!



HOW DOES IT GO, JOHANSEN? IS THE CONSTRUCTION SOUND ENOUGH TO HOLD UP THROUGH THE WINTER STORM?

THE **LUMBER** IS THE CHOICEST I'VE EVER SEEN AND THE FOUNDATION IS THE STONE OF YOUR VERY OWN FIELDS! **THIS HOUSE WILL LAST FOREVER, MR. WINSTON!**

I AM GLAD! **MARIA AND I SHALL NEVER LEAVE THIS HOUSE...** EVEN IF WE GROW RICH ENOUGH TO OWN A **CASTLE!**

WE HAVE SEARCHED LONG AND HARD FOR THIS VALLEY, MR. JOHANSEN! IT'S JUST WHAT WE WANT! AS THOUGH IT WERE **DESTINED FOR US!**



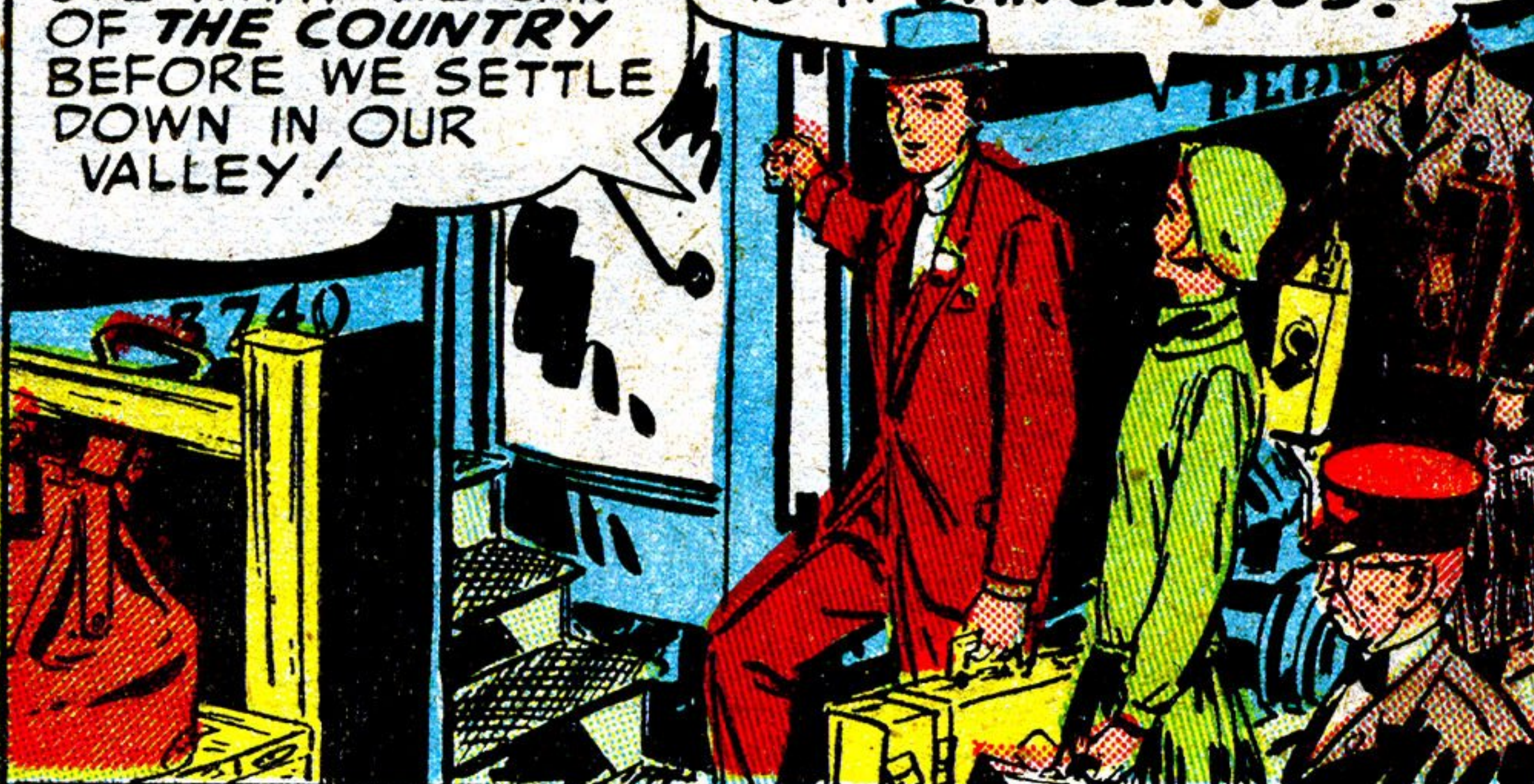
YES... I HAD THAT SAME FEELING MYSELF! I HAVE TRIED TO PICTURE **OTHERS** LIVING IN THIS HOUSE BUT, SOMEHOW, IT DOES NOT SEEM RIGHT... OR **POSSIBLE!**



BUT **FATE**... THE SAME FATE THAT SET THE PERFECT STAGE FOR THE YOUNG COUPLE... HAS A WAY OF SPOILING THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY LAID PLANS... CHARLES AND MARIA, IMPATIENT OVER THE MONTHS OF WAITING, DECIDED TO MAKE THE TIME GO FASTER BY TAKING A SHORT VACATION...

COME ALONG, MARIA... WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE CAN OF **THE COUNTRY** BEFORE WE SETTLE DOWN IN OUR VALLEY!

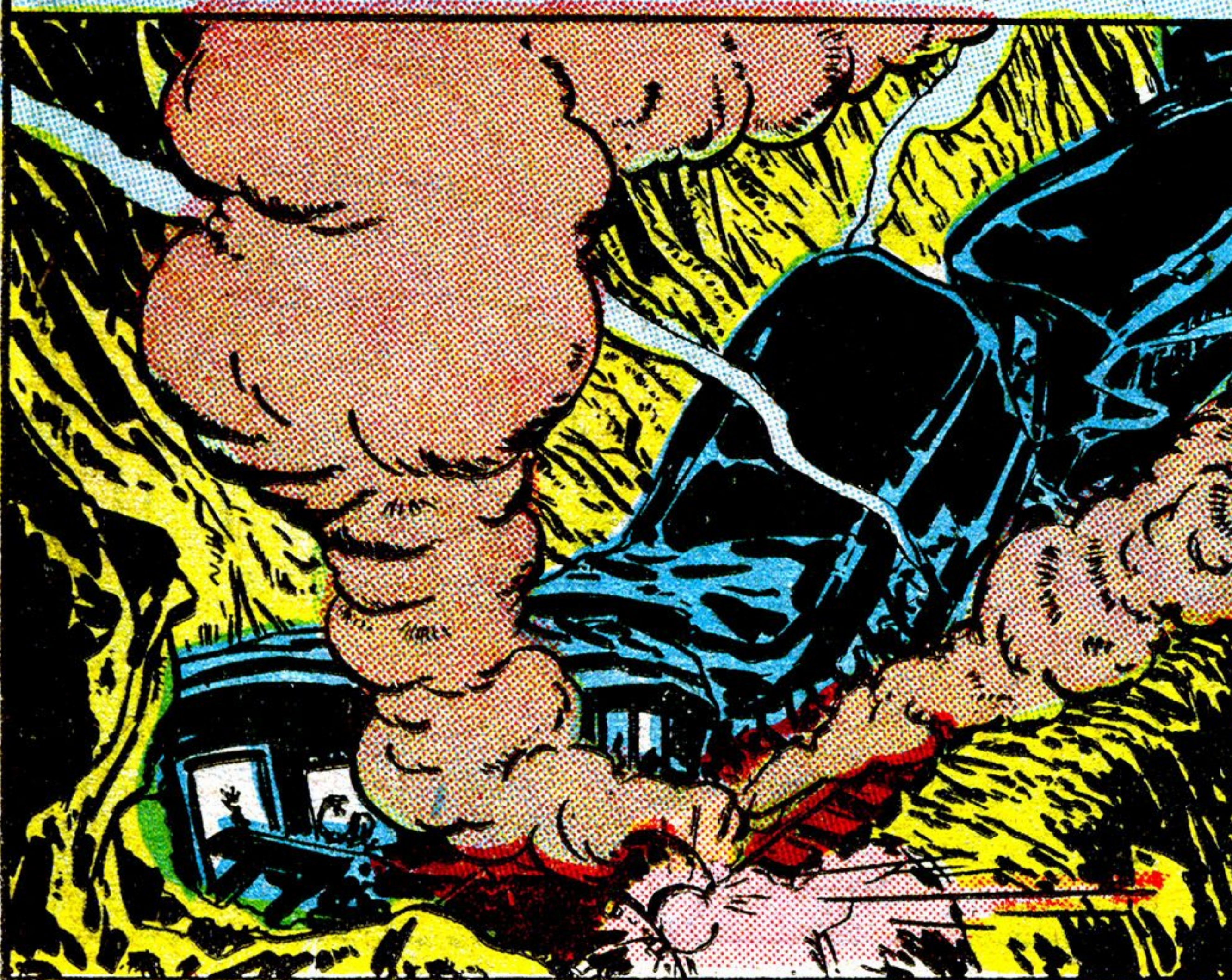
BUT THIS IS MY FIRST TRIP ON A TRAIN, CHARLES... IS IT **DANGEROUS?**



DON'T BE A CHILD, DARLING! THEY HAVE NEVER HAD AN ACCIDENT ON THIS LINE YET!



IT WAS A BITTER IRONY THAT SENT THE GREAT STEEL MONSTER CAREENING OVER A BROKEN RAIL, CRASHING INTO THE STONE SIDES OF THE MOUNTAIN LINING THE TRACKS... CHARLES AND MARIA WHO HAD LIVED **SO GENTLY...** DIED **VIOLENTLY!**



AND WHEN THE FLAMES HAD SUBSIDED AND THE SMOKE CLEARED, THE YOUNG LOVERS WERE FOUND, STILL CLUTCHING EACH OTHER IN DEATH AS IF TO MAKE SURE THEY WOULD BE TOGETHER THROUGH ALL ETERNITY!

LOOK AT THESE TWO... MUST BE **NEWLYWEDS!** EVIDENTLY THE MAN WAS TRYING TO SHIELD THE WOMAN!

MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE...





LATER DEVELOPMENTS, HOWEVER, LENT CREDENCE TO THE BELIEF THAT THE UNEARTHLY SOULS OF THE TWO YOUNG LOVERS WERE NOT YET PREPARED TO SETTLE DOWN TO ETERNAL REST... FOR THERE WERE THOSE WHO CLAIMED THAT THEIR SPIRITS STILL ROAMED THE GAUNT SKELETON OF THE HOUSE THAT SEEMED DOOMED TO REMAIN UNCOMPLETED!

SO THE OWNERS WERE KILLED IN THE TRAIN WRECK! DO WE GO ON WORKING, MR. JOHANSEN?

WE MUST! I HAVE MUCH OF MY OWN MONEY TIED UP IN THIS CONSTRUCTION!

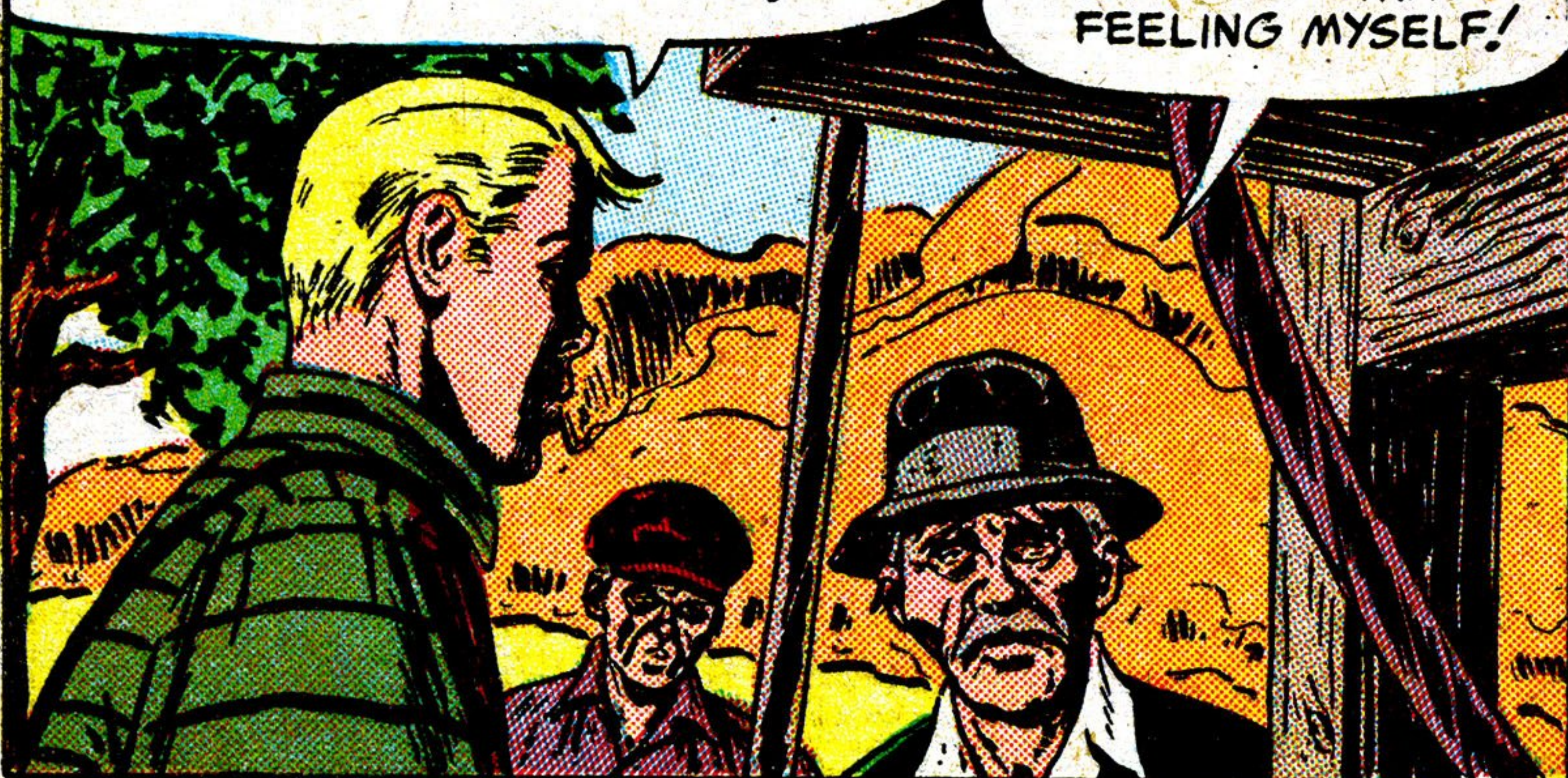
THE REST OF YOU CAN GO ON IF YOU WISH... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO FINISH WITHOUT ME!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT THERE IS ABOUT THE PLACE... BUT IT SCARES ME... YESTERDAY I HAD THE STRANGEST FEELING... AS IF THOSE TWO WERE STILL WATCHING ME WORK! ONCE I TURNED TO ANSWER A QUESTION... FROM A MAN WHO WASN'T THERE!

I... I KNOW... I'VE HAD THAT FEELING MYSELF!

BUT IT'S ALL FOOLISHNESS! A STATE OF MIND, I TELL YOU! THE BUILDING MUST GO ON, OR I LOSE EVERY CENT I HAVE IN THE WORLD!



NO ONE WOULD SAY FOR SURE THEY HAD SEEN A PHANTOM NOR EVEN HEARD A WHISPERED VOICE... YET THE FEELING WAS THERE... A STRANGE TENSION... WHICH DISTURBED THE WORKERS! THEY LEFT, ONE BY ONE... WITHOUT REASON... WITHOUT AN EXPLANATION... UNTIL ONLY JOHANSEN WAS LEFT...

IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME... AND THE TIME IS NOT WORTH THE EFFORT! I, TOO, WILL HAVE TO GIVE IT UP!



THE PLACE STOOD IDLE FOR MANY YEARS, UNTIL THE COUNTY TOOK IT OVER TO RECOVER THE TAXES DUE... "FOR SALE," THE TOWNSFOLK QUIPPED... "ONE HOUSE... WITH GHOSTS!"

A SPOOKY LOOKING PLACE, HANNAH, BUT A BARGAIN AT THE PRICE... WE COULD FINISH IT OFF CHEAPLY ENOUGH...

IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS! THE LOCAL HICKS SAY IT'S HAUNTED!





GOOD... THE **GHOSTS** CAN KEEP YOU COMPANY WHILE I'M AT THE OFFICE... THEN YOU WON'T BE COMPLAINING THAT I LEAVE YOU ALONE TOO MUCH...

I KNOW WHAT'S IN THE BACK OF THAT PEA BRAIN YOU CALL A MIND, HESTOR! YOU STICK ME OUT IN THIS WILDERNESS WHERE I CAN'T KEEP TABS ON YOU WHILE YOU GO CAROUSING AROUND THE TOWN!

THE BICKERING DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING! IT HAD BECOME A HABIT WITH HANNAH AND HESTOR MARKSON! THEY BOUGHT THE HOUSE AND SOON HAD CARPENTERS BUSILY WORKING TO COMPLETE IT...

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PUT OVER ON ME! THIS LUMBER ISN'T FIT FOR A PIG STY!

IT'S TERRIBLE ALL RIGHT! I DON'T GET IT! I ORDERED A-1 STOCK!

WELL, SEND IT BACK! MY WIFE WOULD ACCUSE ME OF BUILDING THE DARN THING TO COLLAPSE ON HER!

I'LL GO BACK WITH IT AND PICK THE LUMBER MYSELF!

THE NEXT LOAD APPEARED SOUND ENOUGH, BUT STRANGELY, UNEXPLAINABLY, TROUBLE WAS EVERYWHERE!

BLAST IT... **ANOTHER** BEAM SPLIT RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE! THAT MAKES A DOZEN TODAY!

MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG NAILS! MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO HAMMER!

LADY, I'VE BEEN BUILDING HOUSES FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS EVER HAPPENED BEFORE! I'M **STUMPED!**

**TOM! TOM! THE SCAFFOLDING COLLAPSED OUT THERE! THE BRICKLAYER IS HURT BAD!**

THERE WERE MORE ACCIDENTS AND BEFORE THE MARKSONS GAVE UP... THERE WERE OTHERS WHO CAME AND SOUGHT TO COMPLETE THE ACCURSED PROJECT... ALL WERE UNSUCCESSFUL... ALL GAVE UP...

PUT THE SIGN BACK UP, SHERIFF! THE **COUNTY'S** TAKING OVER AGAIN!

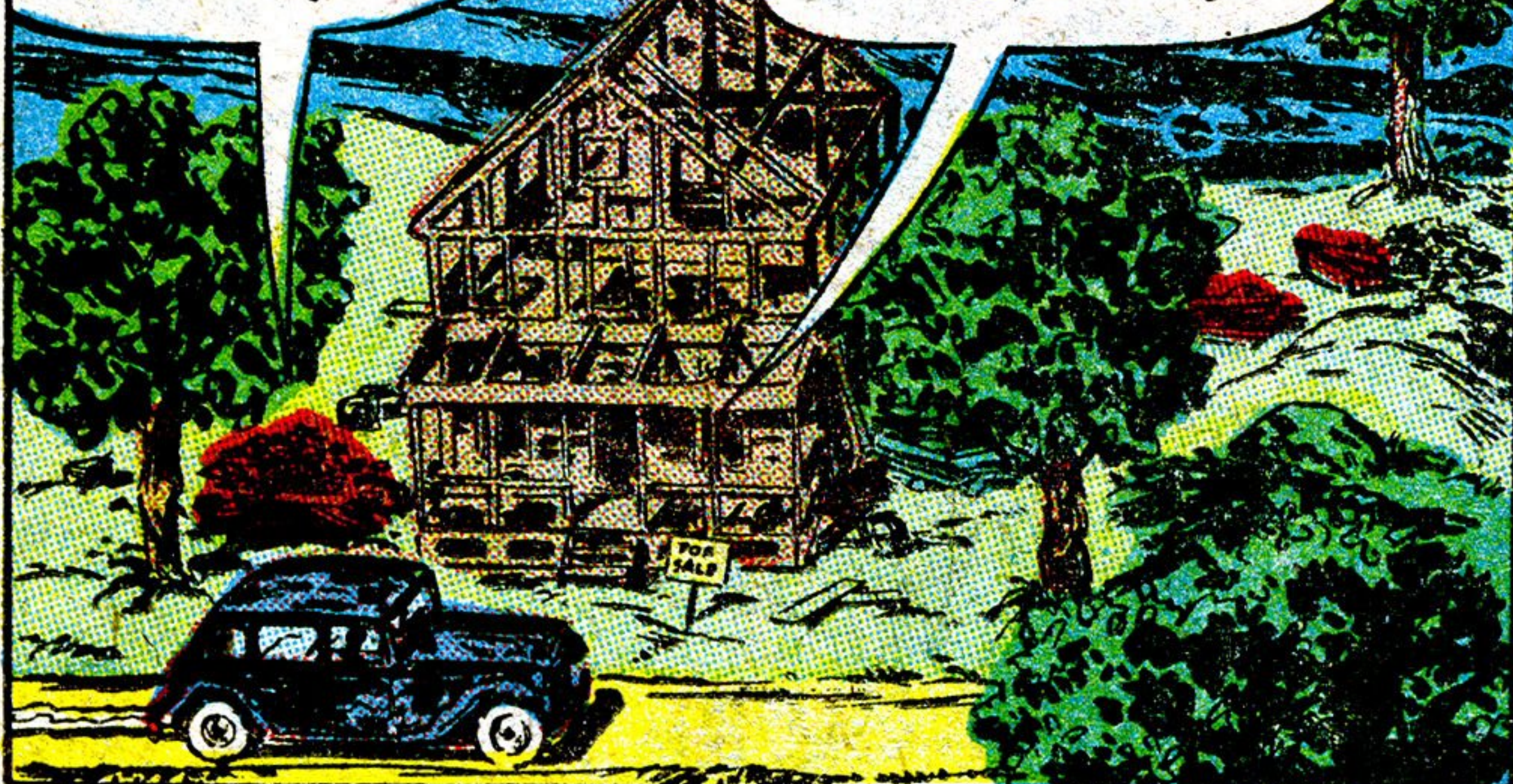
THIS PLACE IS SURELY JINXED... IT OUGHT TO BE BURNED DOWN...



THE HOUSE OF THE GHOSTLY LOVERS REMAINED UNWANTED, A BLEAK, FORBIDDING LANDMARK... UNTIL ONE SPRING DAY IN 1951...

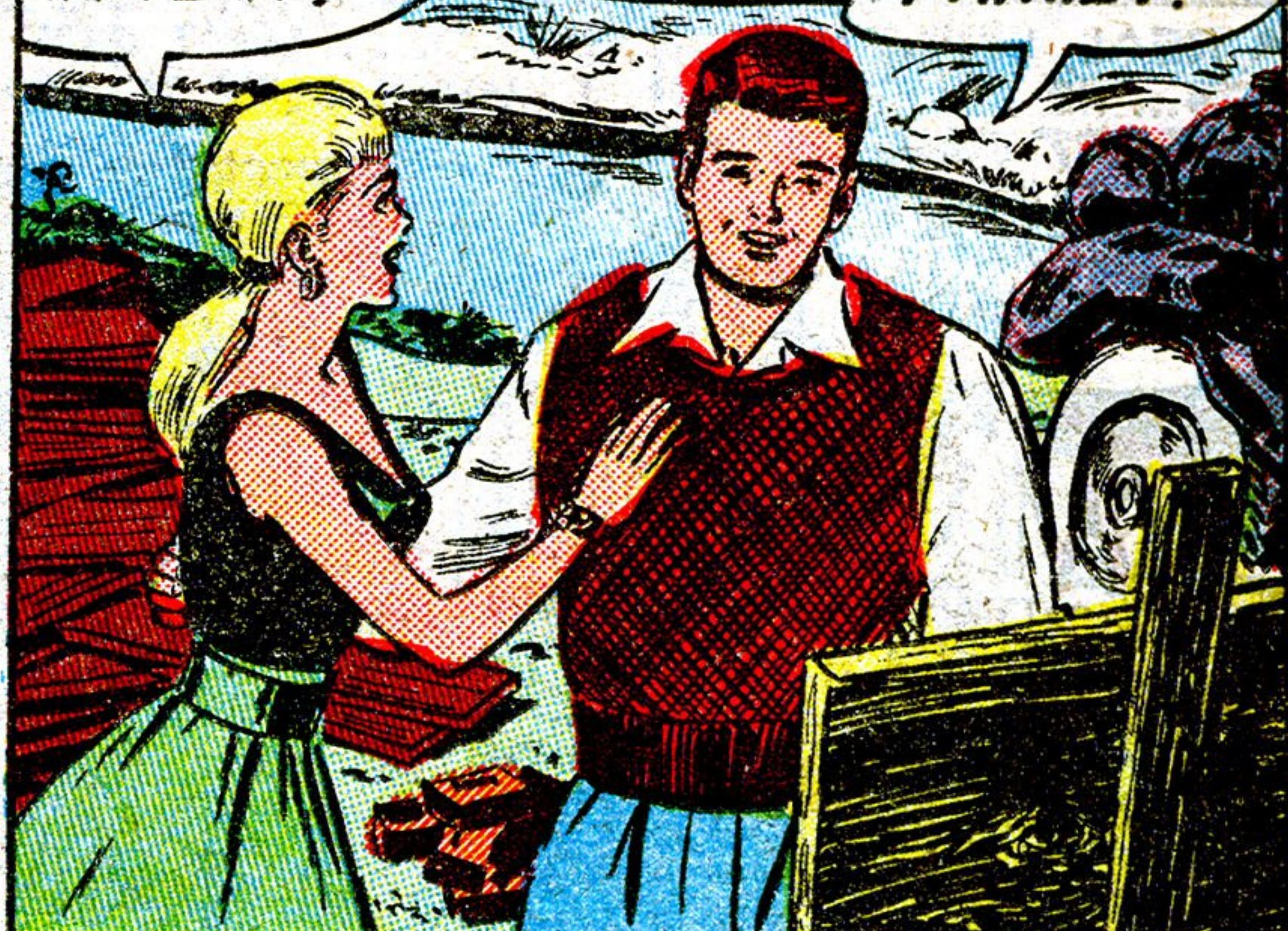
DARLING... **LOOK...** DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO CHARMING... AND IT'S FOR SALE!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL! THE RUSTIC SETTING... THE QUANT DESIGN! HONEY, I WONDER IF WE COULD AFFORD IT?



TOM... IT'S UP FOR TAXES! OH, DARLING, IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH! CAN'T WE HAVE IT?

I'LL TRY TO SWING IT! I'LL WORK ON THE HOUSE MYSELF. IN MY SPARE TIME! HONEY, IT'S A PERFECT PLACE TO RAISE A FAMILY!



OH, TOM... I KNOW WE CAN DO IT! I LOVE **EVERYTHING** ABOUT THIS PLACE... AND I LOVE YOU, TOO!



THE YOUNG COUPLE, LIKE MANY BEFORE THEM, LAUGHED OFF THE WARNINGS OF THE TOWNS-FOLK! IT WAS JUST AFTER THE DEED WAS SIGNED OVER TO THEM THAT THE NEIGHBORING FARMERS HEARD THE MUFFLED SOUND OF CONSTRUCTION WORK EMANATING FROM THE UNLUCKY HOUSE!

LISTEN... DO YOU HEAR IT? SOUNDS OF **HAMMERING...**

AT TEN O'CLOCK IN THE **NIGHT?** THAT'S ODD!

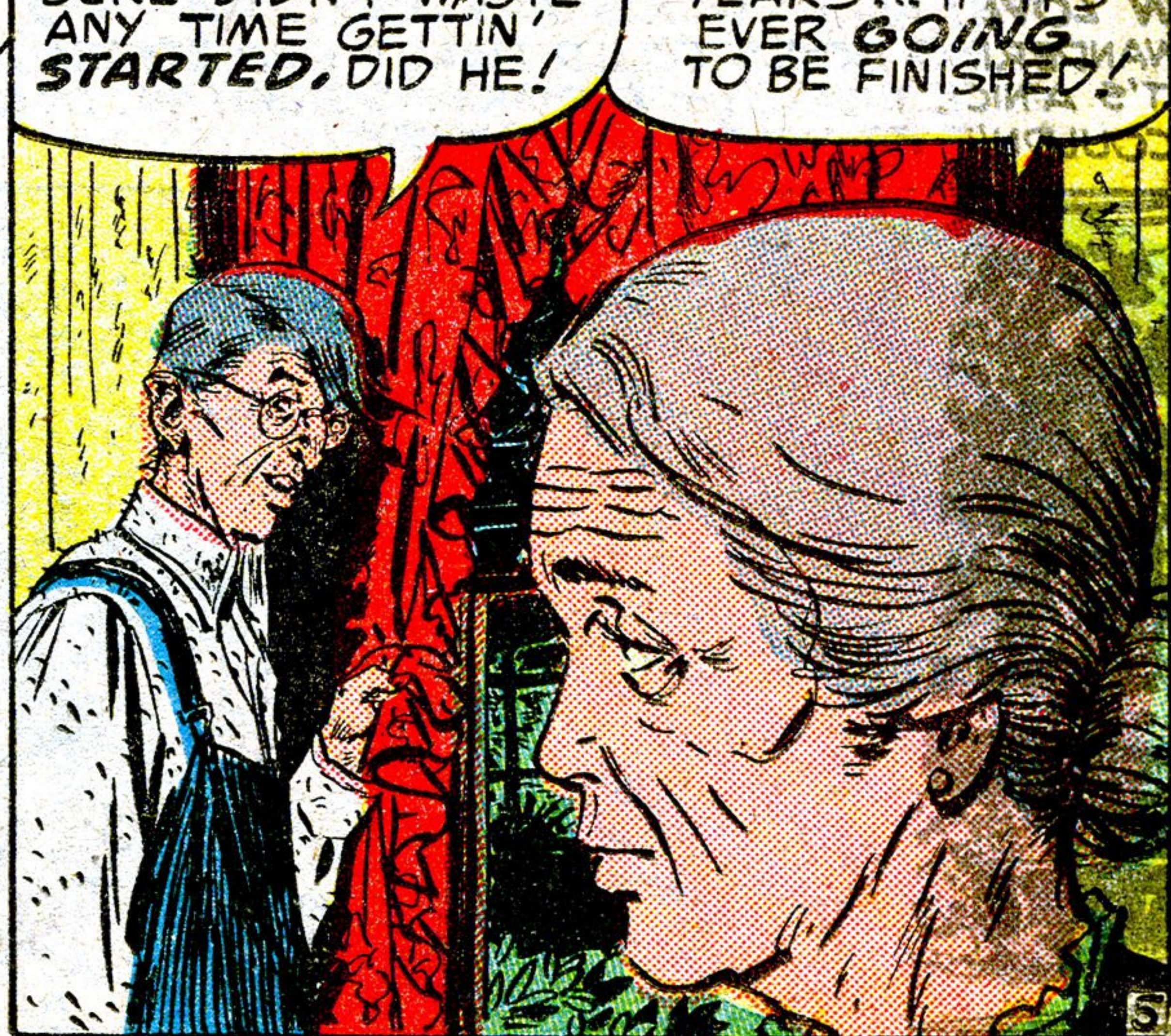


SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE OLD **WINSTON** PLACE! THE HAUNTED HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD!

I HEAR TELL THE PROPERTY WAS SOLD AGAIN... TO A **NICE YOUNG COUPLE**, THIS TIME...

THAT'S RIGHT! HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO WORK ON IT IN HIS SPARE TIME! SURE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME GETTIN' **STARTED**, DID HE!

AT THIS RATE THE PLACE WON'T BE FINISHED FOR ANOTHER **TWENTY YEARS...** IF IT'S EVER GOING TO BE FINISHED!

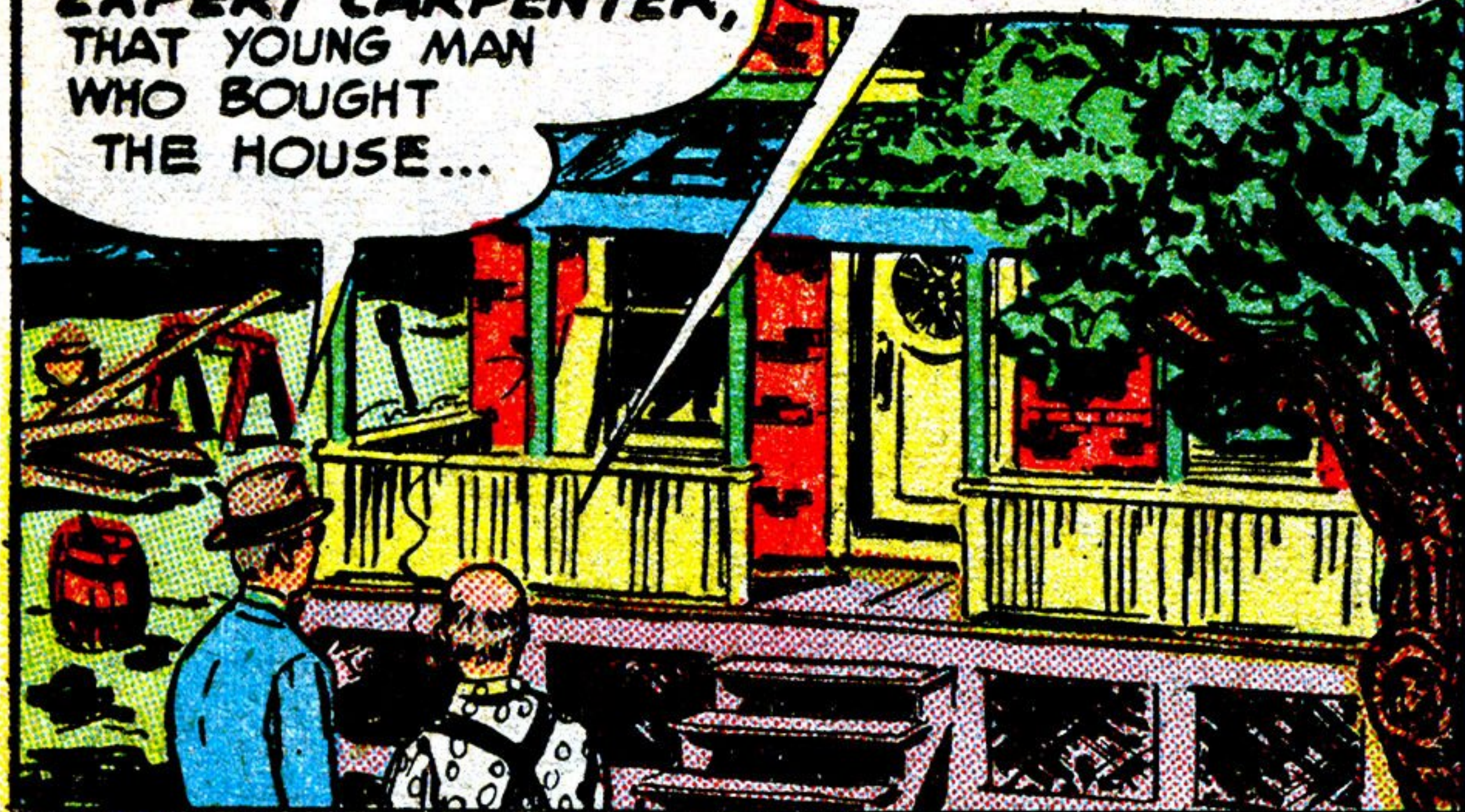




NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, THE SOUNDS OF HAMMERING AND SAWING CONTINUED. THEY WERE HEARD BY EVERY NEIGHBOR IN THE AREA ... AND DURING THE DAY, THE PEOPLE WOULD PASS TO SEE THE FINE WORK THAT HAD BEEN DONE THE NIGHT BEFORE...

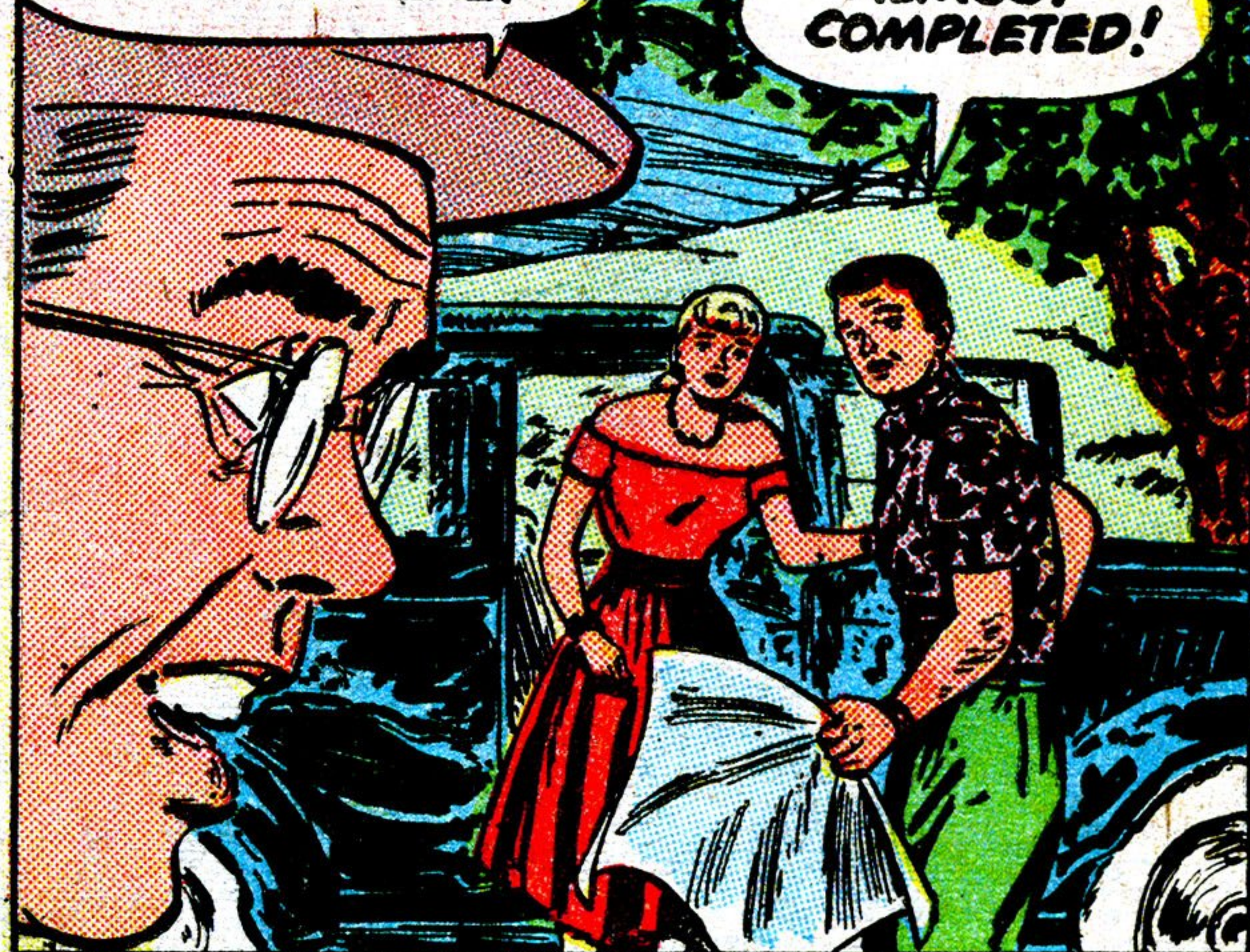
A REAL, WORKMANLIKE JOB... HE MUST BE AN **EXPERT CARPENTER**, THAT YOUNG MAN WHO BOUGHT THE HOUSE...

AND A FAST WORKER, TOO... HASN'T GOT MUCH LEFT TO DO!



AH... HERE HE COMES NOW... WE WERE JUST SAYING, YOUNG FELLER, WHAT A NICE LOOKING PLACE YOU HAVE HERE!

WHY--IT'S **ALMOST COMPLETED!**



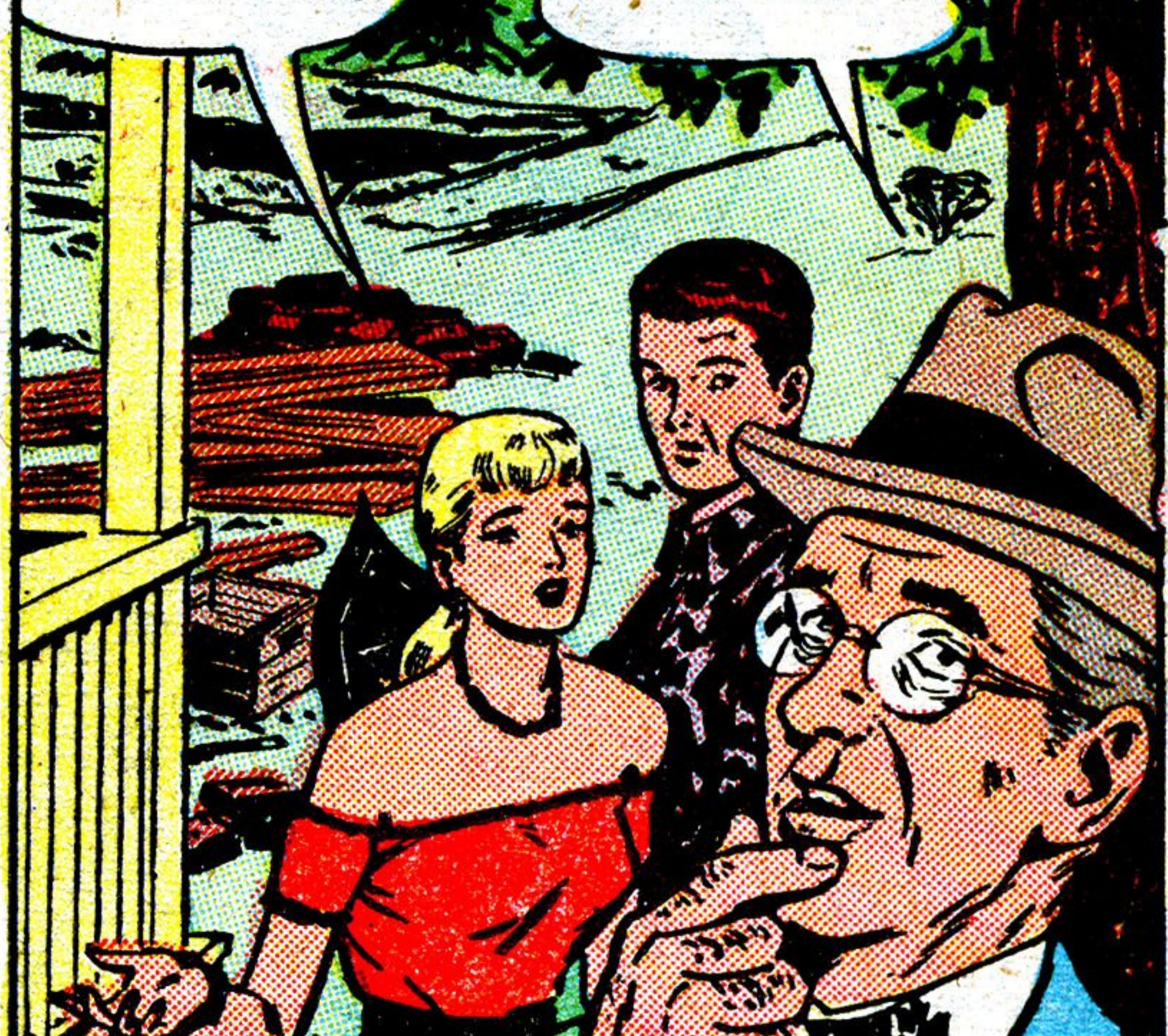
THAT'S RIGHT--AND A FINE JOB YOU'VE DONE, TOO...

I DON'T GET IT... I HAVEN'T EVEN **BEEN HERE** IN A **WEEK!** GOSH-- WE JUST HAD THESE **PLANS** DRAWN UP!

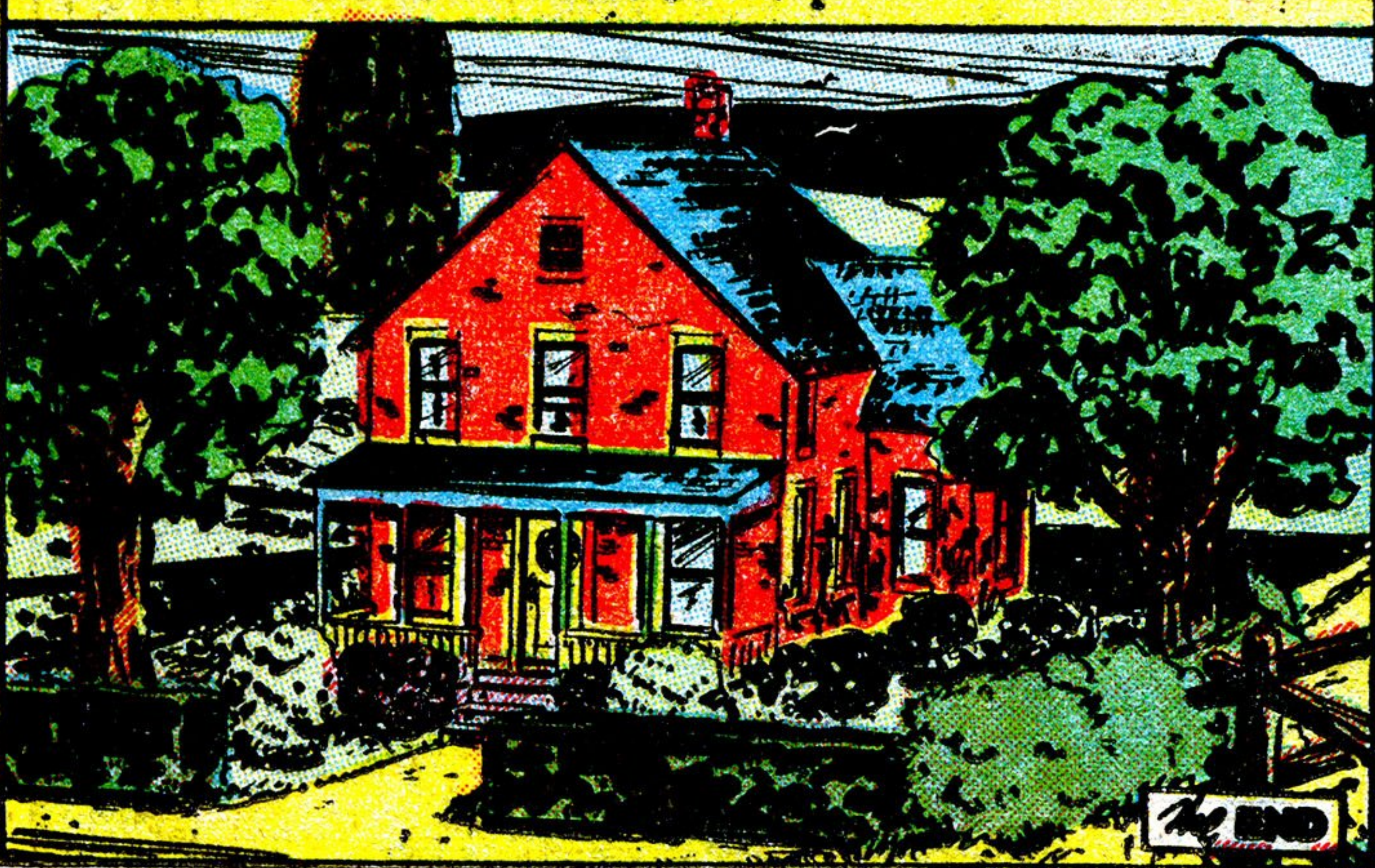


THEN-- **WHO DID** ALL THIS WORK?

I-- THINK I KNOW... I THINK-- WE ALL KNOW...



THERE WAS LITTLE DOUBT IN THE MINDS OF THE SUPERSTITIOUS TOWNSFOLK... THEY CLAIMED THAT THE HOUSE WAS COMPLETED BY THE GHOSTS OF THE ORIGINAL OWNERS WHO HAD WAITED SO LONG FOR THE **RIGHT PEOPLE** TO OCCUPY THEIR HOUSE... **A YOUNG COUPLE IN LOVE!** NOW THE JOB WAS DONE... AND TWO WANDERING SOULS COULD FINALLY FIND ETERNAL REST!... IT'S A NICE THOUGHT-- A CHARMING STORY! BUT OF COURSE IT COULDN'T BE TRUE -- **COULD IT?**



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Don't neglect an externally caused pimply broken out skin that nobody loves to touch! Apply wonderfully medicated Poslam Ointment tonight--check results next morning after just one application!

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Reducing Specialist Says:  
**LOSE WEIGHT**

Where  
It  
Shows  
Most

**REDUCE**

MOST ANY  
PART OF  
THE  
BODY WITH

**ELECTRIC**  
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**Spot Reducer**

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by massage use spot REDUCER with  
or without electricity—Also used as  
an aid in the relief of pains for which  
massage is indicated.

PLUG IN  
GRASP  
HANDLE  
AND  
APPLY



Take pounds off—keep slim  
and trim with Spot Reducer!  
Remarkable new invention  
which uses one of the most  
effective reducing methods  
employed by masseurs and  
turkish baths—MASSAGE!

**L**IKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

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When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

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**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE**  
**POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY** Without Risking  
**HEALTH**

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Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

**SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!**

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**LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE**



# THE CRASH

The crash happened just one minute after midnight. I was awakened by the loud noise of crunching metal and the terrifying screams of people. I got into my clothes instantly and ran down the hill to the sharp hairpin curve on the highway.



When I arrived it was quiet. There wasn't another car in sight and I wondered vaguely how I would get the bodies up that almost perpendicular cliff. The car had plunged four hundred feet, going end over end against solid, sharp stones; it would be a miracle if anyone were alive. It took me some time to pick my way down the jetted rocks, with only a flash lamp for illumination.

When I looked into the completely mutilated car, I not only didn't find anyone alive, I simply didn't find anyone at all. There were no bloodstains or signs of anyone having been in the car as it crashed down the cliff. I thought perhaps the person or persons could have been thrown out, because I distinctly remembered the screams

I climbed back up the cliff, stopping every few feet to play the light around, but found no one. I was honestly puzzled by the time I reached the top and stood at the lip of the curve looking down into the bottomless, black pit.

I turned suddenly as I heard the noise of a stone being kicked. As I spun, the beam of light stabbed the darkness and fell upon the body of a woman lying on the ground. I walked over to her, conscious of the person who kicked that pebble, for this woman was in no condition to kick anything. She had blood on her, and looked about as dead as a person could possibly look.

Foolishly I leaned over the body and placed my hand over the woman's heart. I felt rather than heard a movement just in front of me and quickly stood erect. The movement saved my life. A bullet puffed up dust from the hard rock earth between my legs. I switched off the light instantly and began running.

I heard the sharp crack of the gun and started zigzagging up the steep hill. The bullets spat

chips of rock at my feet as I suddenly dove into a clump of bushes. The person shooting seemed to be able to see perfectly in the dark night.

The weight of my body made noise as I rolled into the thickets, but I got quickly to my hands and knees and started crawling back down the hill. I heard running footsteps and stopped; I think I even quit breathing.

The footsteps came dangerously close to me and stopped. For a long time there was no noise at all, then I heard the breathing of the other person; then slowly, cautiously, footsteps came closer to me.

I eased myself up to my haunches, my muscles like tempered steel springs. It was pitch black, and I could see nothing.

The footsteps stopped about five feet from me and I heard the person getting ready to fire again. I sprang, making a shoe string tackle.

The body was light and the force of my lunge sent us rolling on the ground. I quickly discovered that my enemy was a female. It's against my principles to hit a woman, but I let her have one that sent her into unconsciousness.

I got up and threw the beam of light on the woman. I felt sick and weak, as if my heart had stopped beating. The woman looked exactly like the woman I saw lying dead down the hill, and the sight of her brought a painful memory to my mind.

I took the gun and waited. When she came to I followed her down the hill to the dead body. The two women were identical twins.

The woman standing in front of me said, "I killed her and was going to dispose of her body so I could take her place with her very wealthy husband. But something went wrong."

I tried to keep the emotion out of my voice as I said, "Go up the hill--I want to show you something."

At my home I dug out an old photo album that belonged to my mother. There was a picture of my two sisters, identical twins, who had left home when they were twenty and had never been heard from. The picture was of the woman lying dead at the bottom of the hill and the murderess sitting beside me.

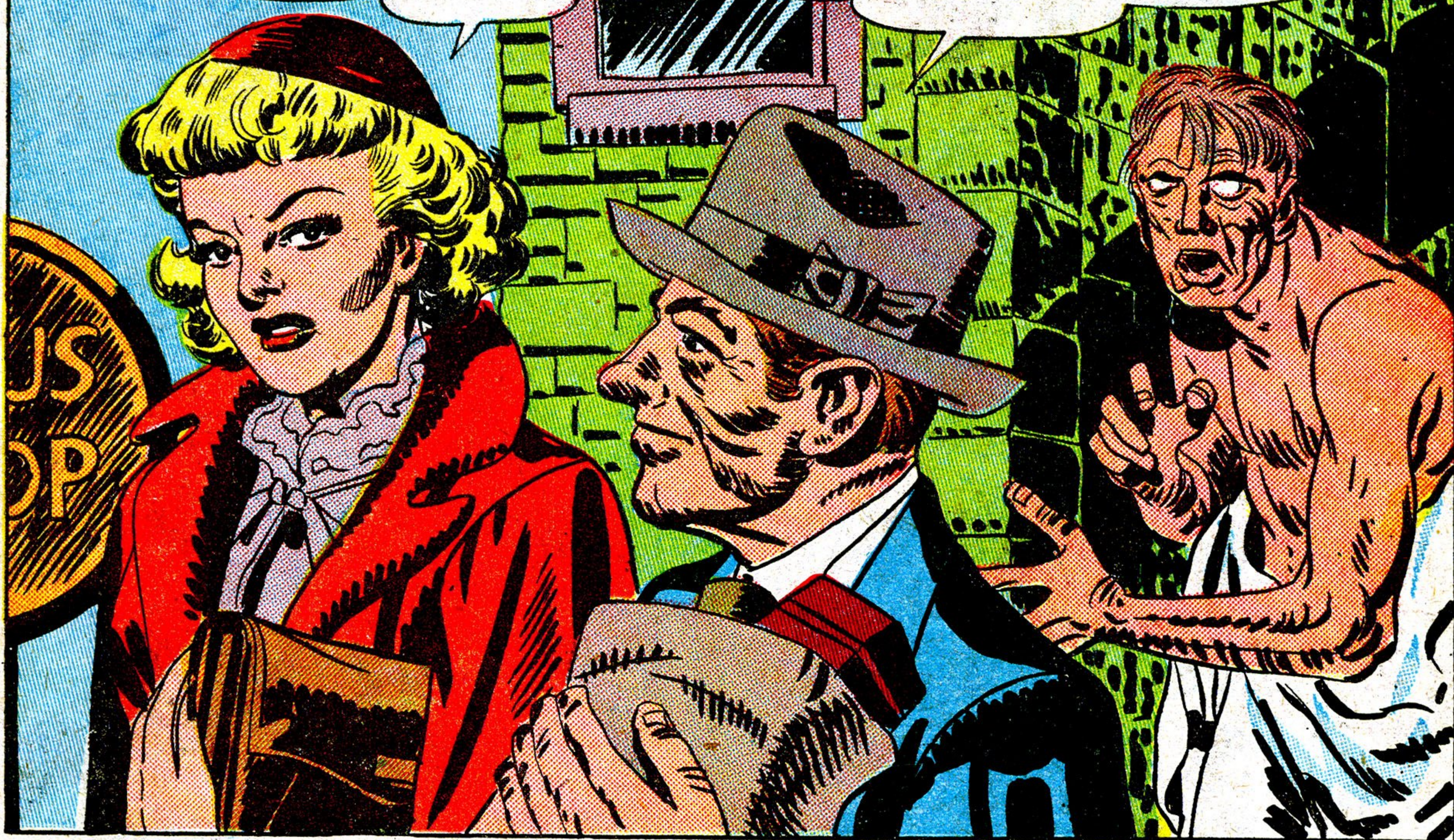


It's little more than an animal because it was once a man. But it's alive and cold and hungry---and completely without a soul! This was the warning to the people of a great city---

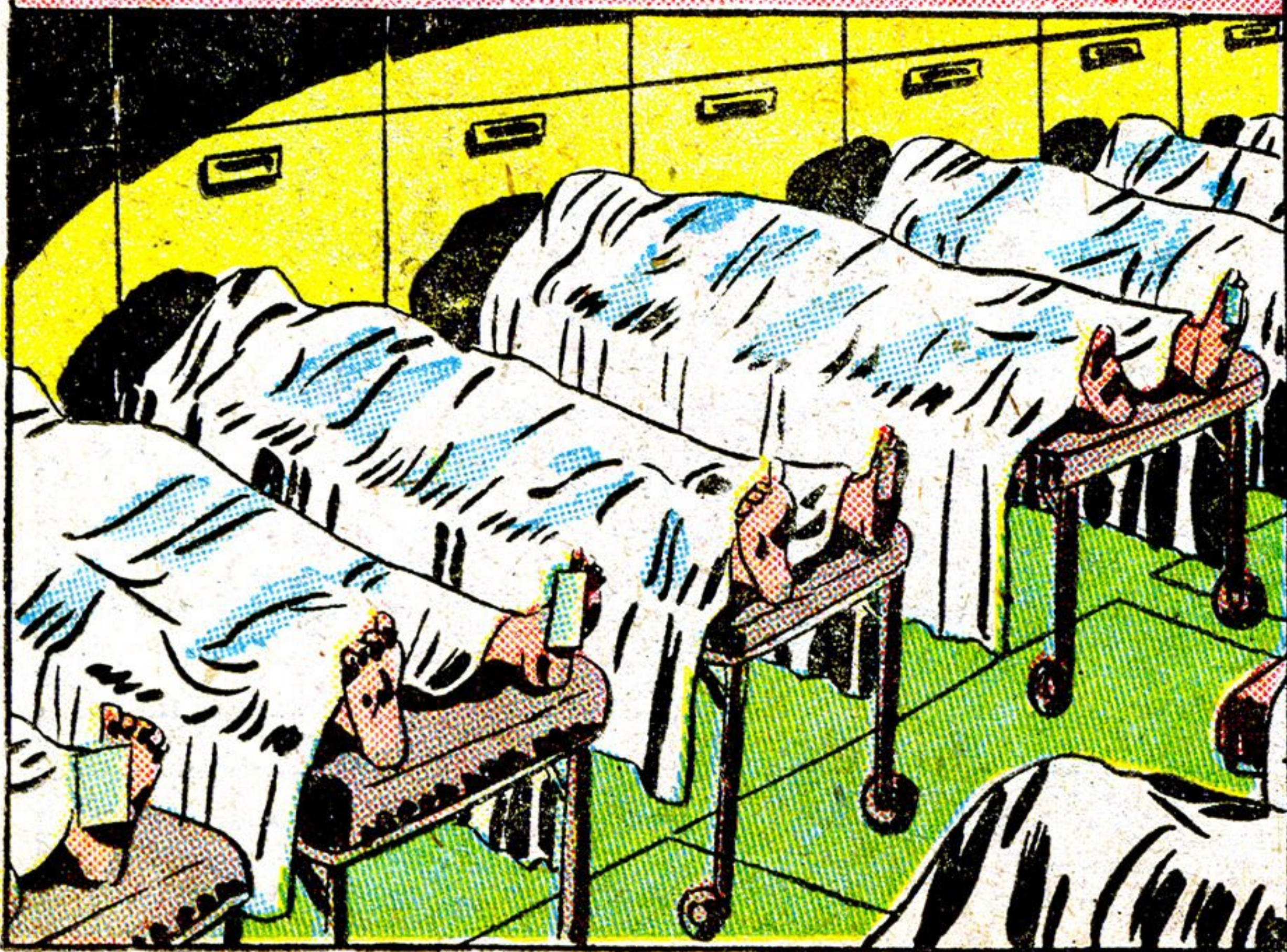
# A BEAST IS IN THE STREETS!

WON'T THAT BUS EVER GET HERE? I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS SO LATE. IF I HAD ANY SENSE, I'D GET A JOB IN A PART OF TOWN WHICH ISN'T SO **DESERTED** AFTER WORKING HOURS.

I'VE DONE BUSINESS ON THIS STREET FOR TWENTY YEARS, MISS, AND I'VE YET TO SEE A DISTURBANCE HERE. IT'S LIKE A GRAVEYARD. LOTS OF SHADOWS AND SILENCE BUT NOTHING CAN HURT YOU.



1:30 A.M. THE PLACE-- ALTHOUGH MOST OF THE CITY IS ASLEEP OUTSIDE, ITS HEARTBEAT IS STEADY AND IT LIVES, HERE IN THE HOSPITAL MORGUE, IS COMPLETE SILENCE, ROWS OF DISCARDED HUMAN SHELLS LIE NEATLY TAGGED -- WAITING FOR THE EARTH AND ETERNITY...



1:38 A.M. -- THE MIRACLE -- IT HAPPENS -- SOMEWHERE AMONG THE DEAD -- A BREATH, THE RISE OF INTAKE.. THE SLOW FALL OF THE EXHALATION REPEATS -- GROWS STEADIER -- BECOMES RHYTHMIC -- THE TAG ON THE BIG TOE OF NUMBER 427 IS CAUSED TO SWING -- BY AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE MOVEMENT.





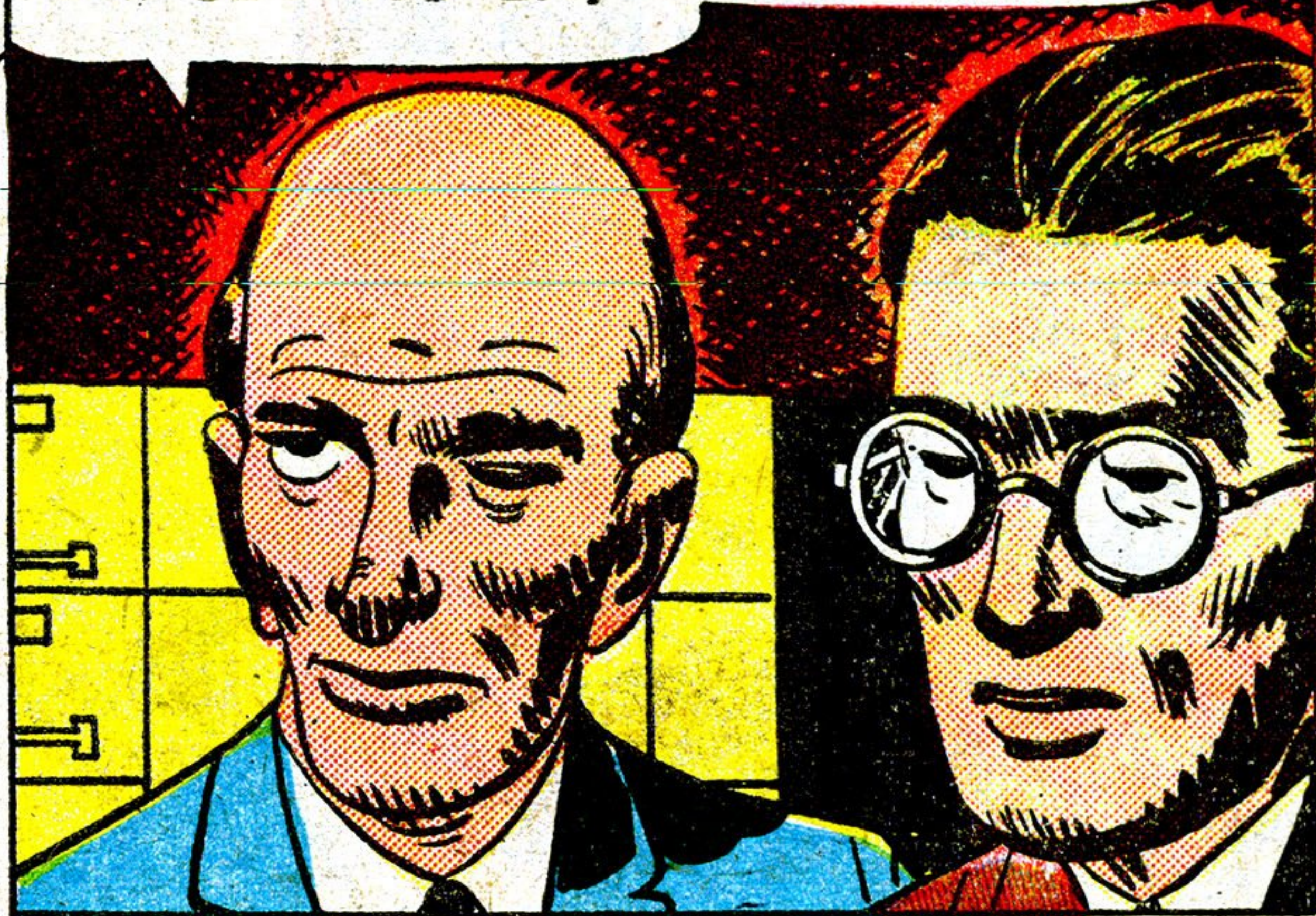
1:45 A.M. THE DISCOVERY!

THESE ARE THE **NEW** ARRIVALS, KLING! SOME ARE SCHEDULED FOR AUTOPSY... OTHERS FOR THE ICEBOX! THEY'RE NOT A NOISY BUNCH! BUT, THEY DON'T GET IN YOUR HAIR EITHER!

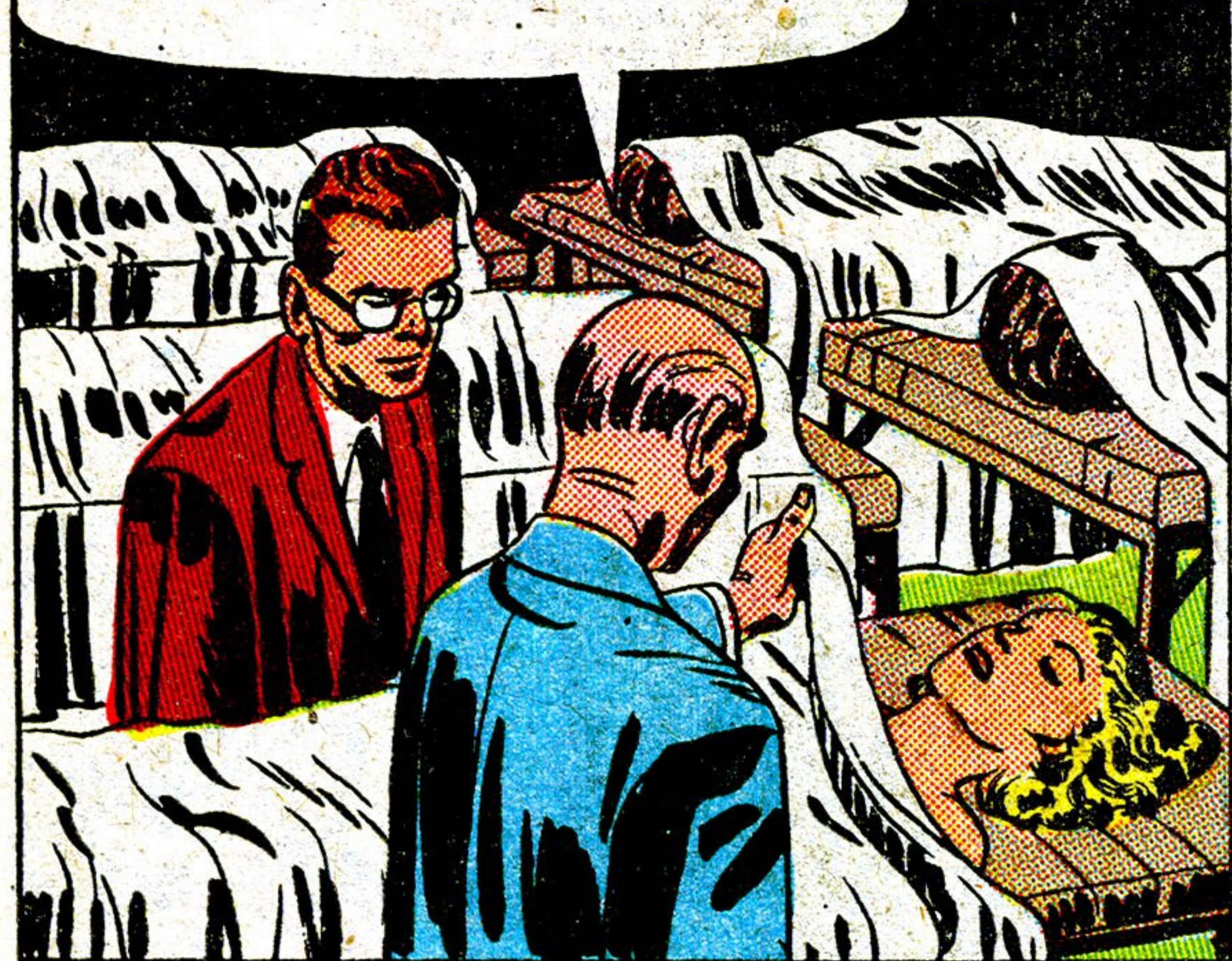
I SHOULD, HOPE NOT! BEING NEW HERE MYSELF, I'M STILL A BIT SENSITIVE ABOUT **THAT** KIND OF PROSPECT!



YOU'LL TAKE IT ALL IN STRIDE, DOWN, HERE, KLING! YOU'LL DO PLENTY OF READING AND THINKING AND YOU'LL BECOME A PHILOSOPHER, LIKE ME... THE DEAD ARE HARMLESS AND FRIENDLY! THEY WANT **NOTHING** FROM YOU! AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY CAN BE TRUSTED!

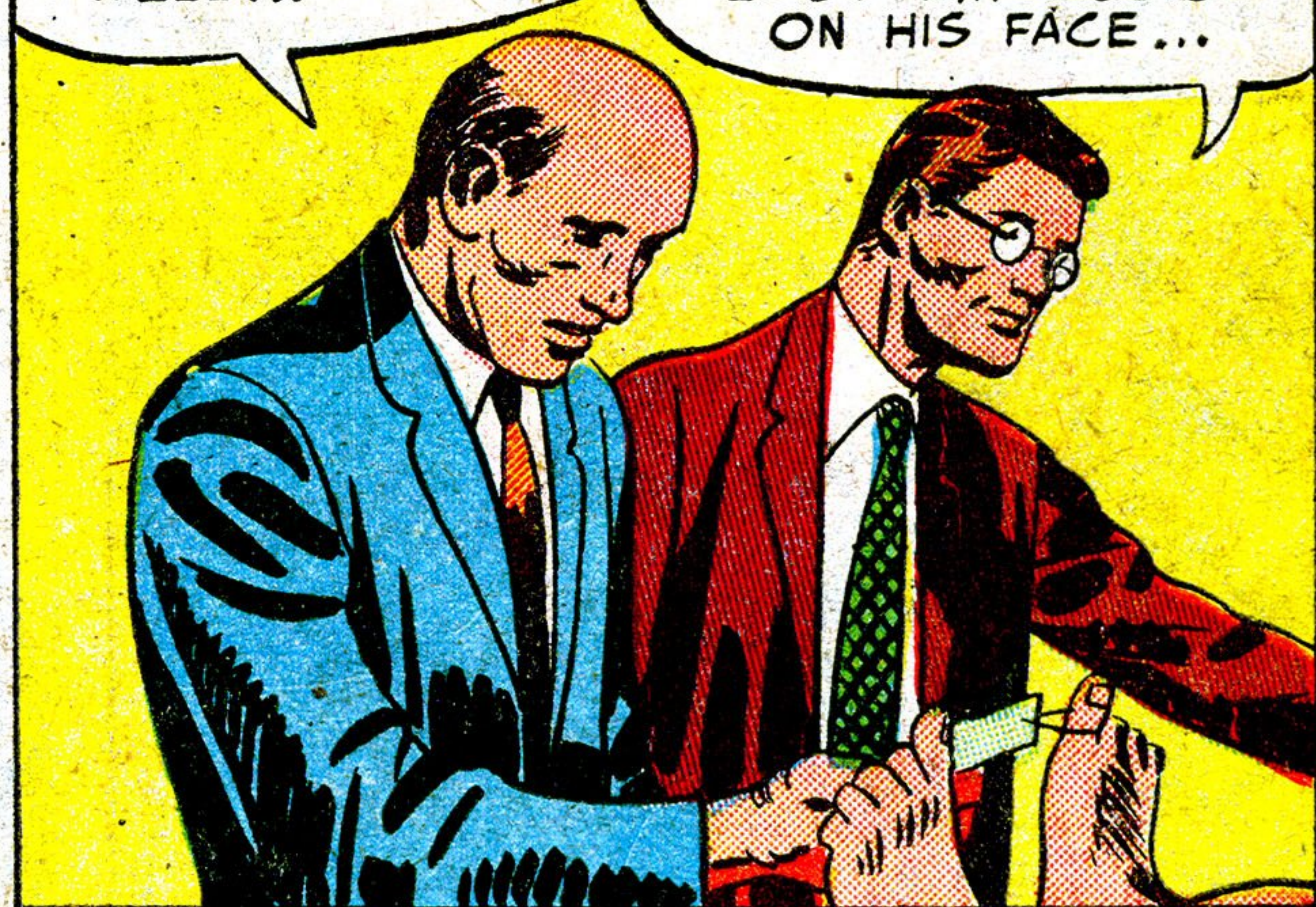


LOOK AT THIS GIRL! BEAUTIFUL ISN'T SHE? IN LIFE, SHE MIGHT HAVE CHEATED ON YOU... MADE YOU MISERABLE... NOW YOU CAN TRUST HER... SHE IS **COMPLETELY**... GOOD!



WELL...OUR MOST **RECENT** GUEST. HE STOPPED TICKING AT 10:30! HIS OPERATION DIDN'T GO TOO WELL...

ONLY THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD! HE MUST HAVE FELT CHEATED! I WONDER IF WE CAN TELL BY THE **LAST** EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE...



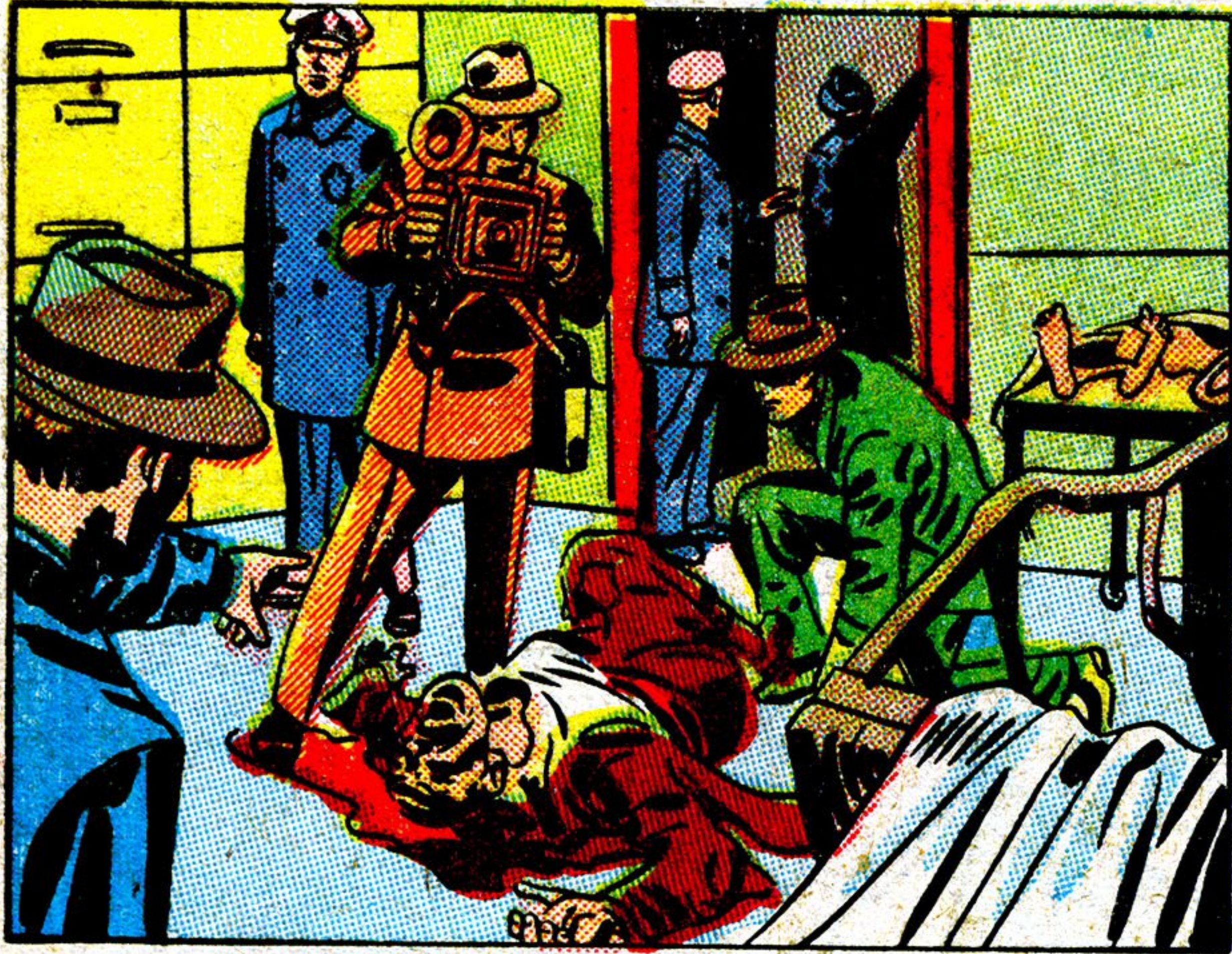
KLING... IT'S ALIVE! IT'S ALIVE!

GREAT SCOTT... IT'S MOVING... LOOK OUT! IT'S...





AT 2:10 A.M. THE HOSPITAL MORGUE IS A WILD SHAMBLES. ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS HAS BEEN FOUND IN A POOL OF HIS OWN BLOOD! THE OTHER IS BEING TREATED FOR LACERATIONS AND SHOCK... THE POLICE ARE POURING IN FROM EVERY DOOR!



THIS IS ONE FOR THE BOOK, PULASKI! THE LIEUTENANTS GOING TO FIGURE THIS ONE OUT ALL BY HIMSELF! IF HE DOES, I'LL PIN A **CAPTAIN'S** BADGE ON HIM MYSELF!

WHAT A MESS! I WONDER **WHAT** HE FOUND OUT FROM THE HEAD SAWBONES OF THIS HOSPITAL? THEY'RE STILL IN CONFERENCE!



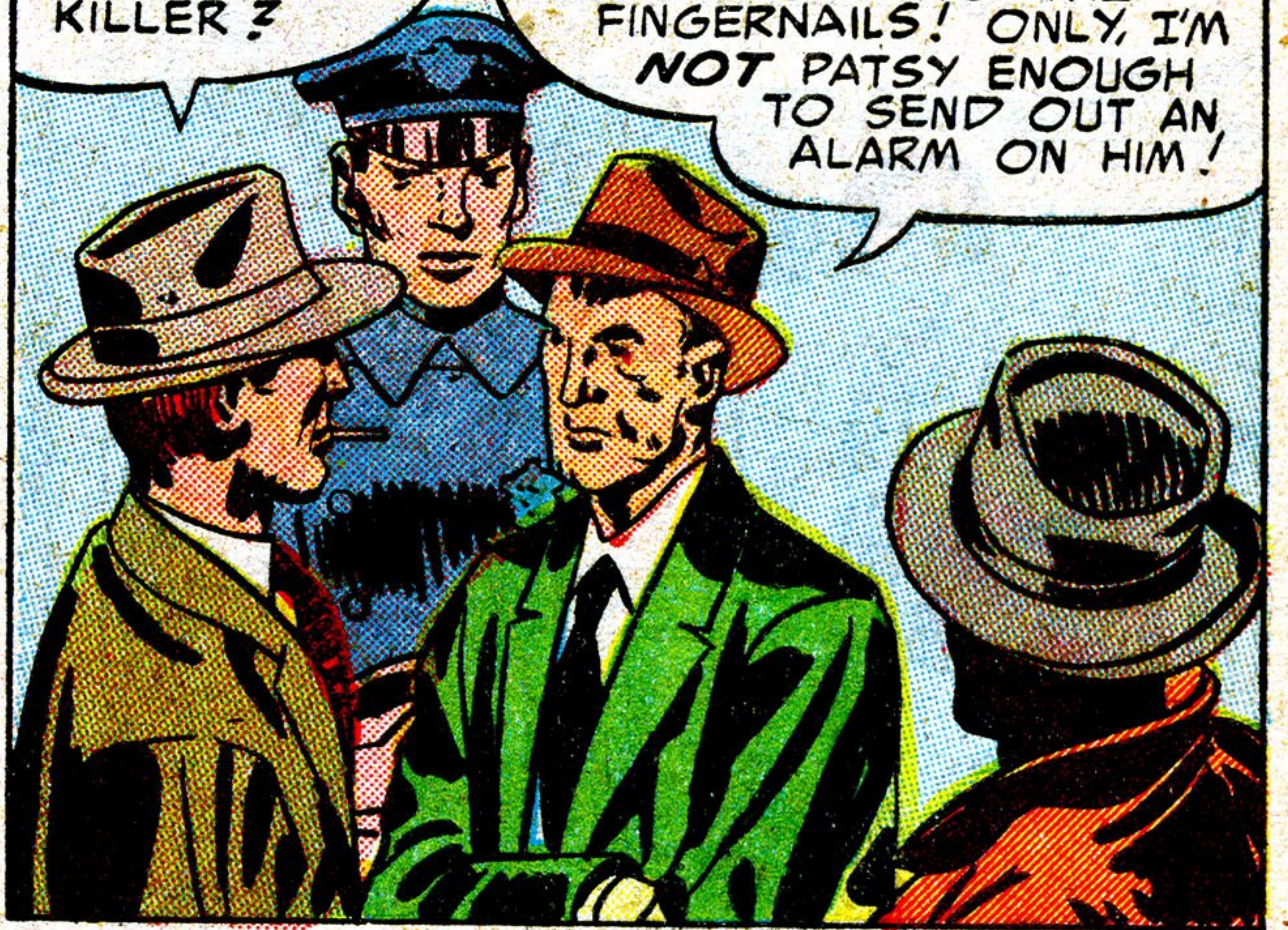
LOOKS LIKE THE POWWOW IS OVER! THERE'S THE LIEUTENANT NOW...

THAT CAN'T BE HIM, HE LOOKS PUZZLED! DOESN'T LOOK GOOD! IF HE HASN'T GOT A LEAD WE'RE IN FOR A ROUGH NIGHT!



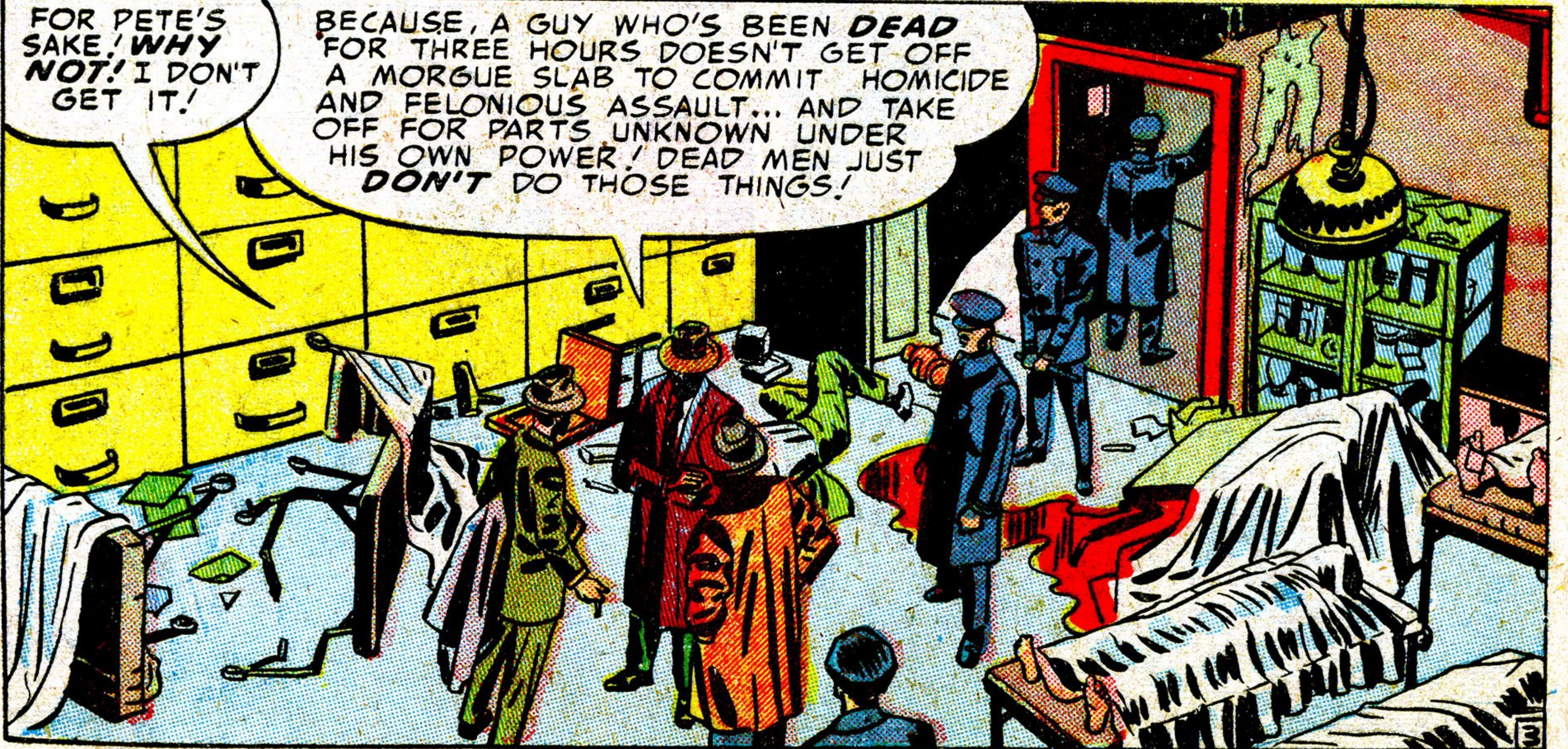
WHAT'S THE STORY, LIEUTENANT? DID THE SURGEON GIVE YOU A **LINE** ON THE KILLER?

YEAH! I'VE GOT A **COMPLETE** DESCRIPTION OF HIM! NAME, COLOR, HEIGHT, AGE, WEIGHT... THE WORKS, RIGHT DOWN TO THE FINGERNAILS! ONLY, I'M **NOT** PATSY ENOUGH TO SEND OUT AN ALARM ON HIM!

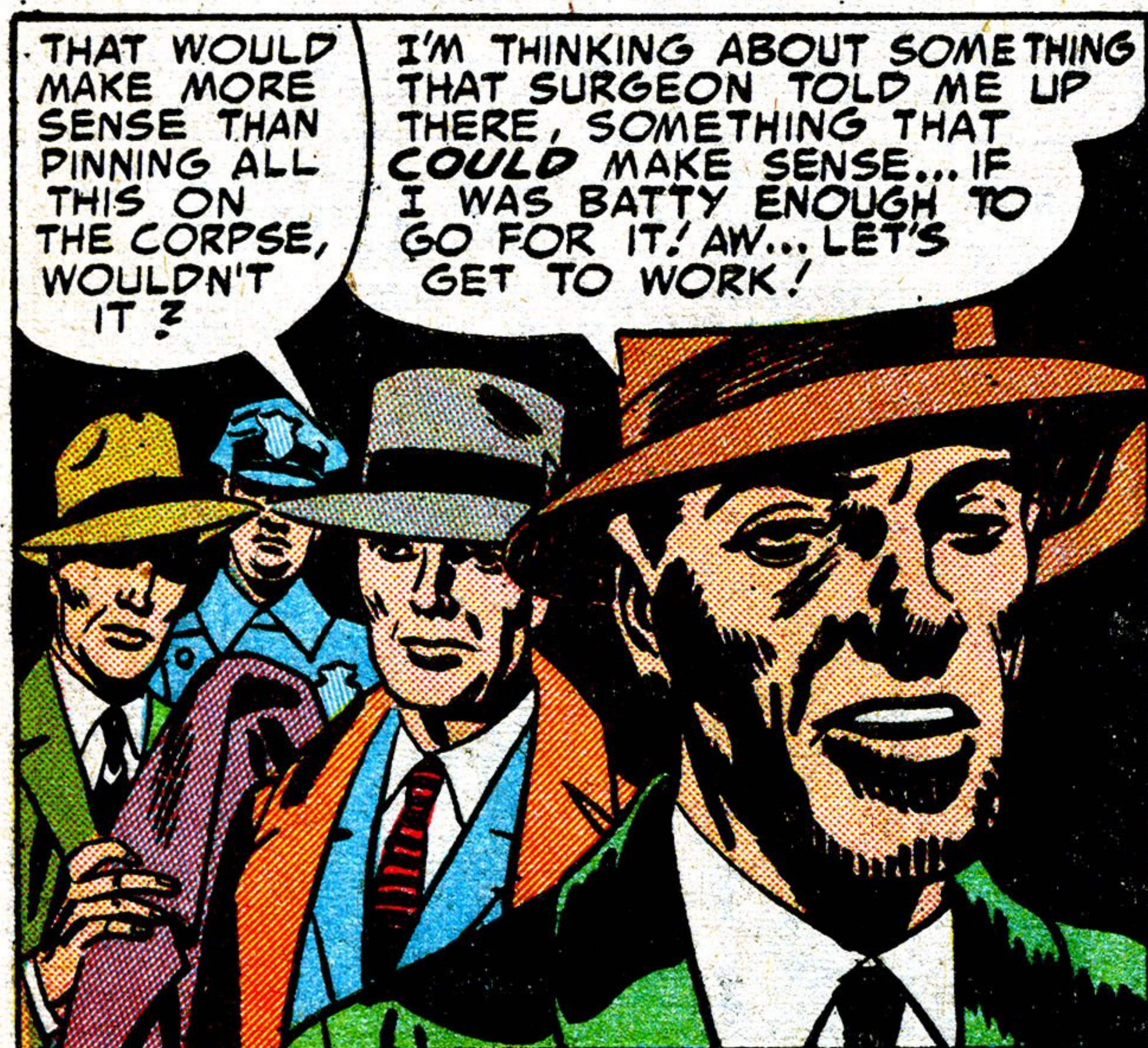
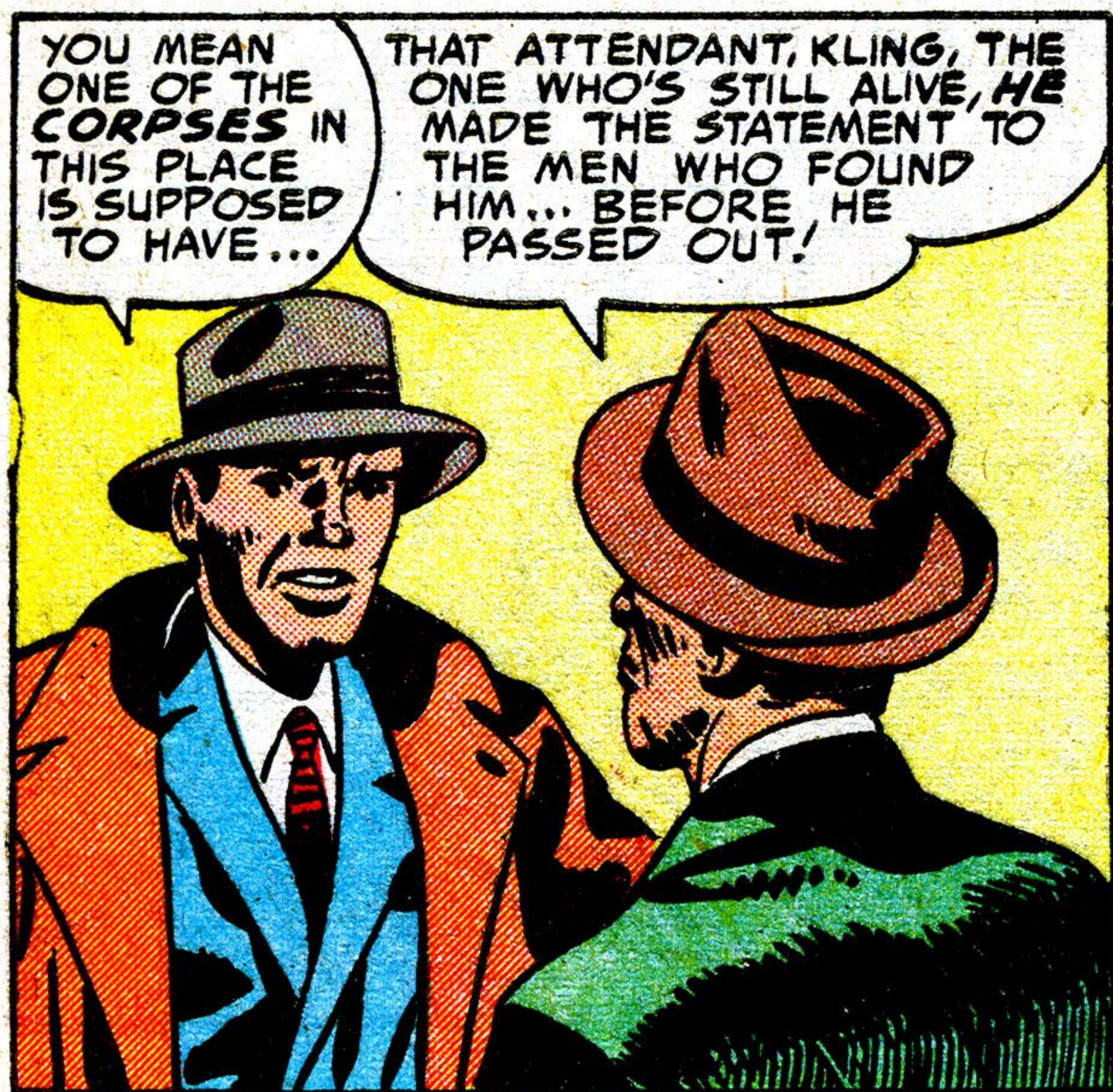


FOR PETE'S SAKE! **WHY NOT!** I DON'T GET IT!

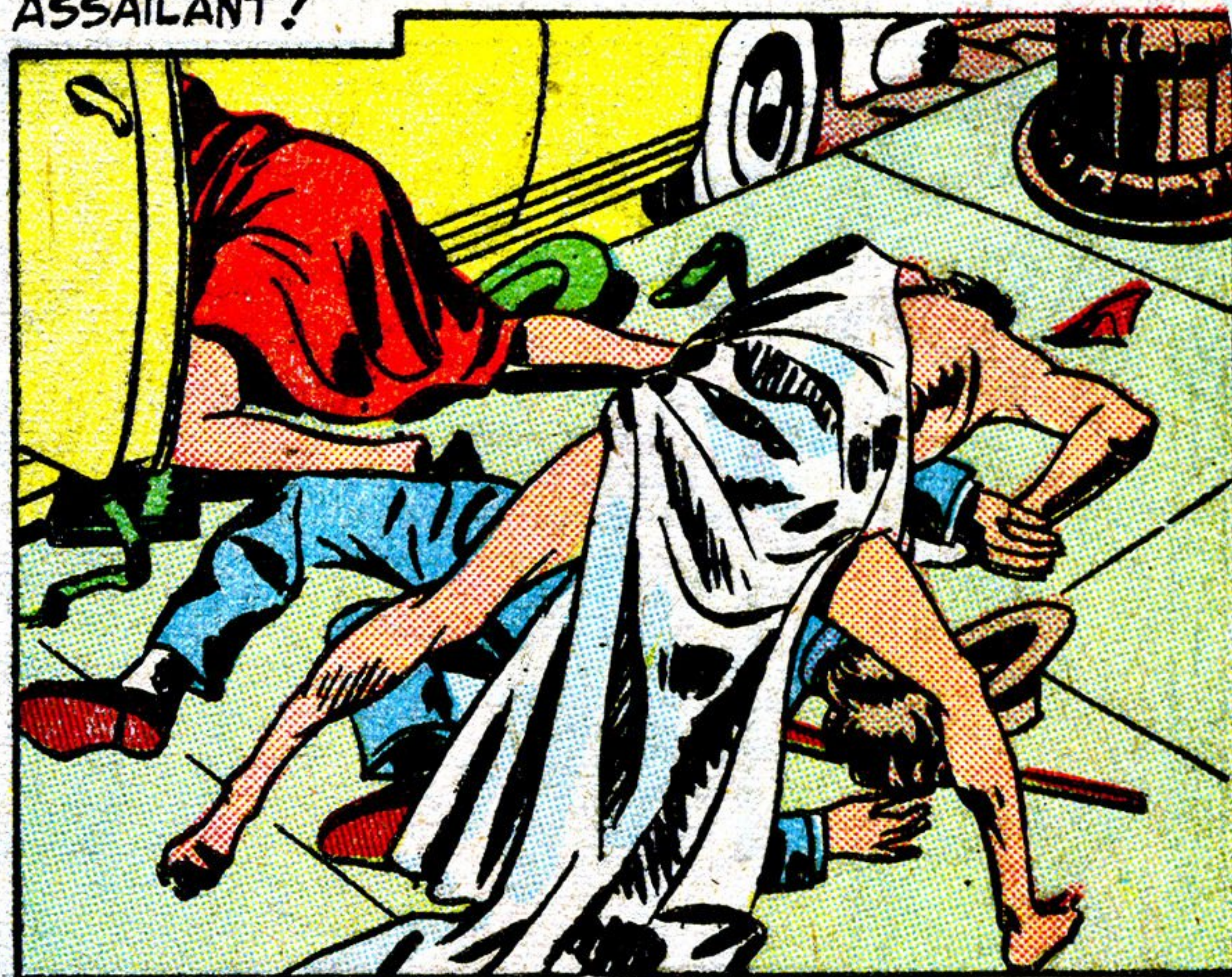
BECAUSE, A GUY WHO'S BEEN **DEAD** FOR THREE HOURS DOESN'T GET OFF A MORGUE SLAB TO COMMIT HOMICIDE AND FELONIOUS ASSAULT... AND TAKE OFF FOR PARTS UNKNOWN UNDER HIS OWN POWER! **DEAD MEN JUST DON'T DO THOSE THINGS!**



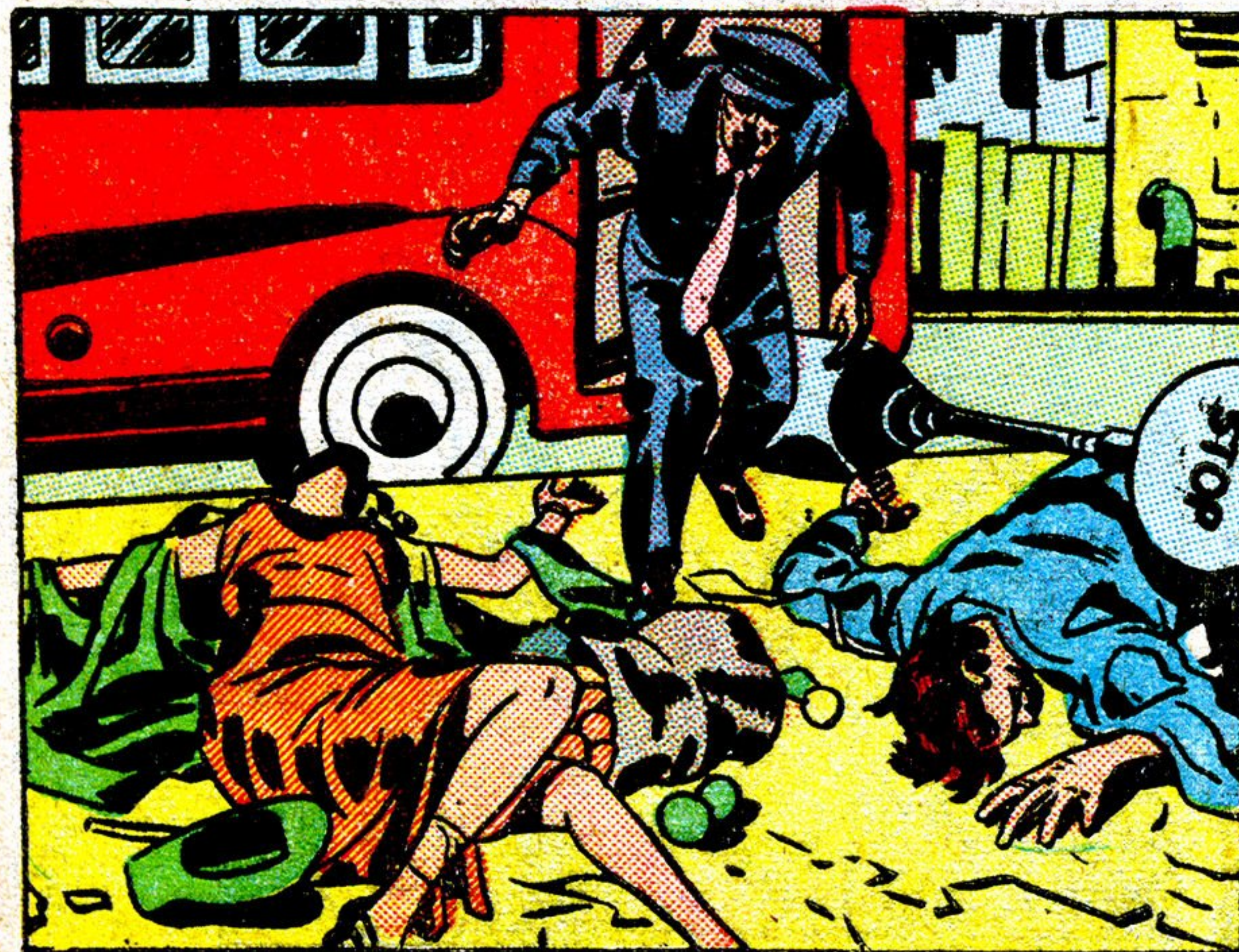




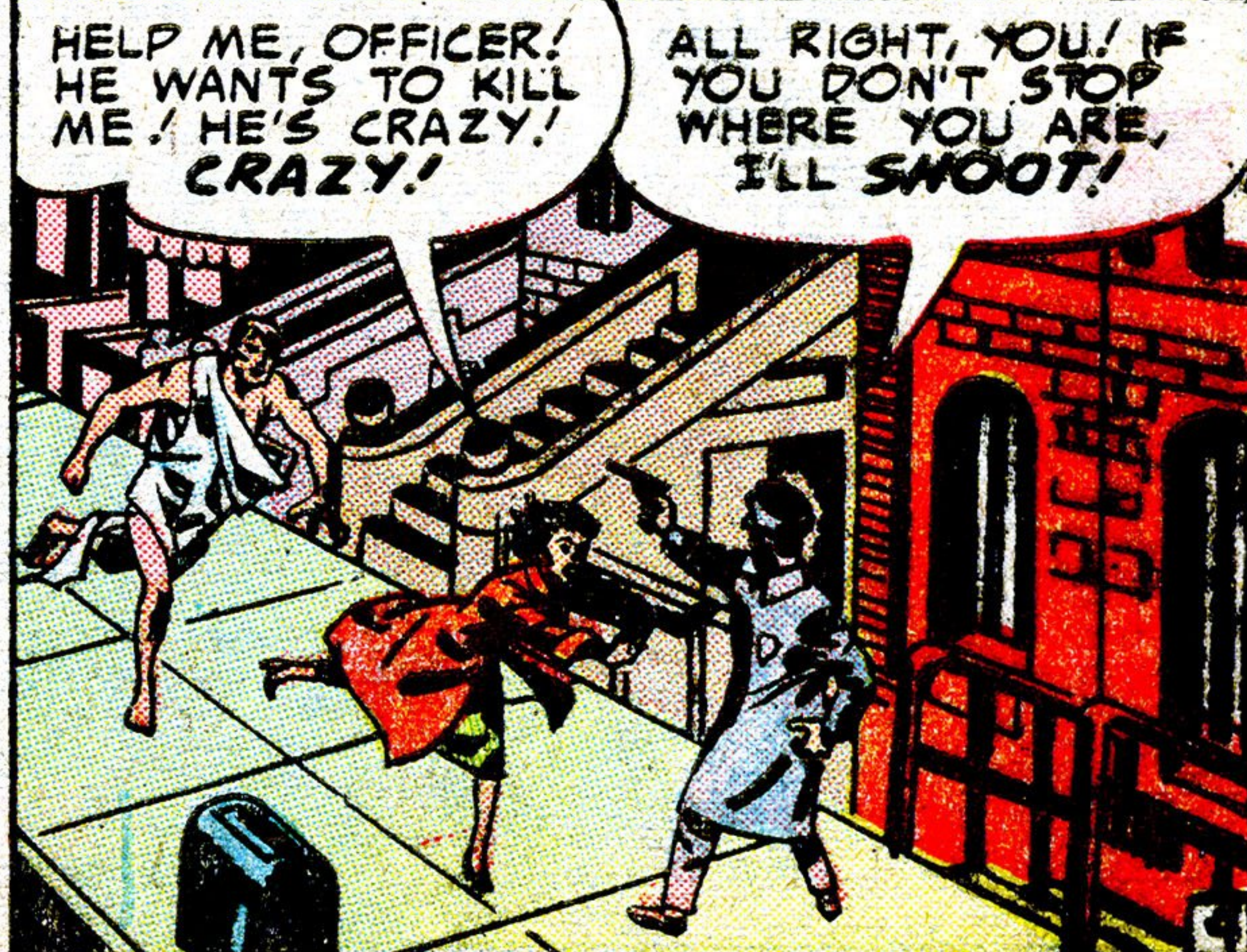
IT IS 2:27 A.M....THE HORROR BEGINS. MR. AND MRS. HOWARD GALT, LEAVING AN APARTMENT HOUSE AFTER ATTENDING A LATE PARTY WITH FRIENDS, ARE SET UPON AND BRUTALLY MURDERED BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT!



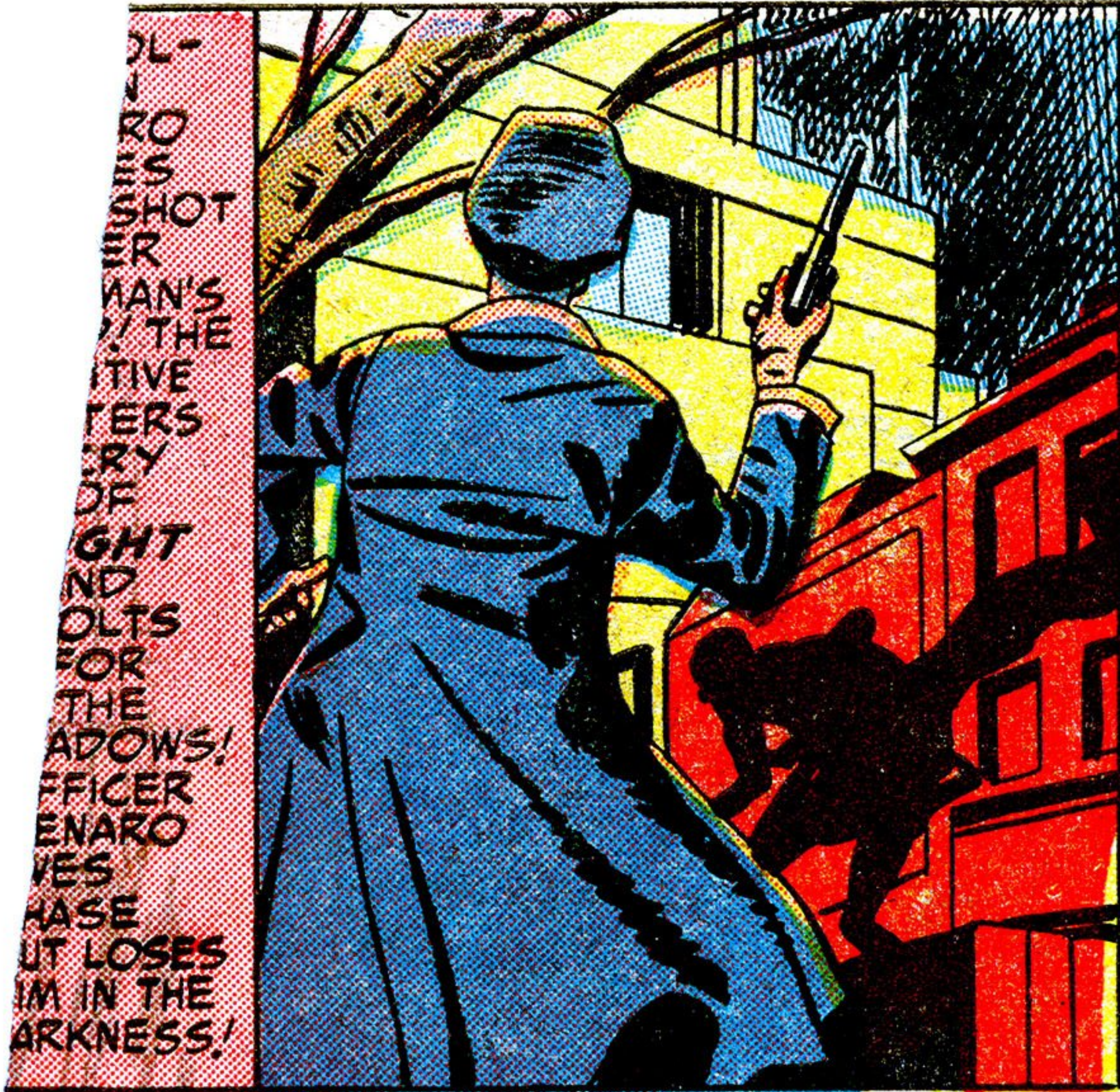
AT 2:35 A.M. THE CROSSTOWN BUS STOPS AT THE CORNER OF MICHAEL STREET AND FOURTH AVE..! THE ONLY PEOPLE IN SIGHT AT THE BUS STOP SIGN ARE AN OLD MAN AND A PRETTY GIRL OF TWENTY! THEY ARE SPRAWLED IN DEATH, THE VICTIMS OF WANTON KILLING...



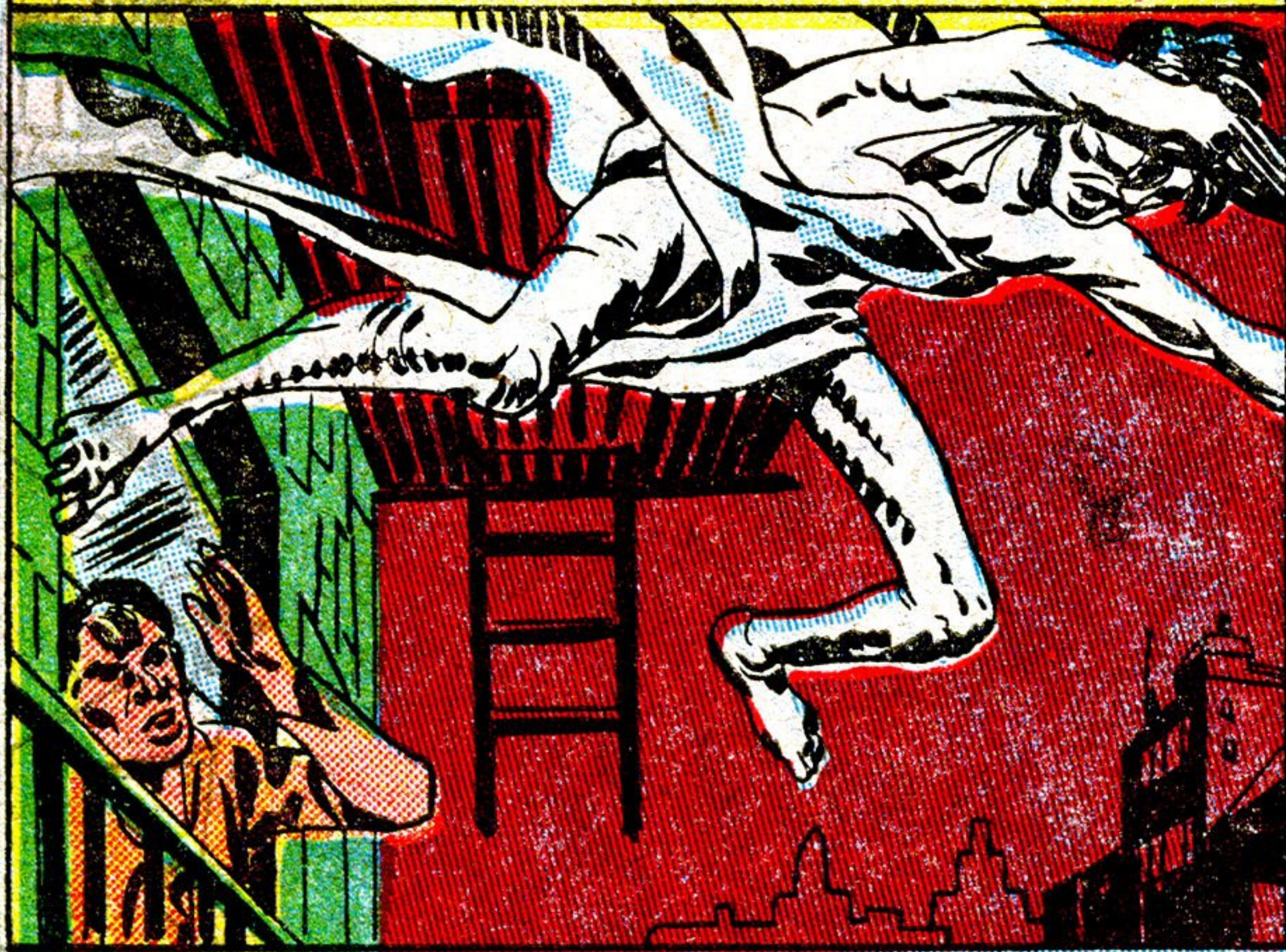
2:50 A.M. PATROLMAN FRANK GENARO, WALKING HIS BEAT ON COLERIDGE SQUARE IS ATTRACTED BY THE TERRIFIED SCREAMS OF A WOMAN... BEING CHASED BY A MAN WHO IS UNDAUNTED BY THE OFFICER'S APPROACH...



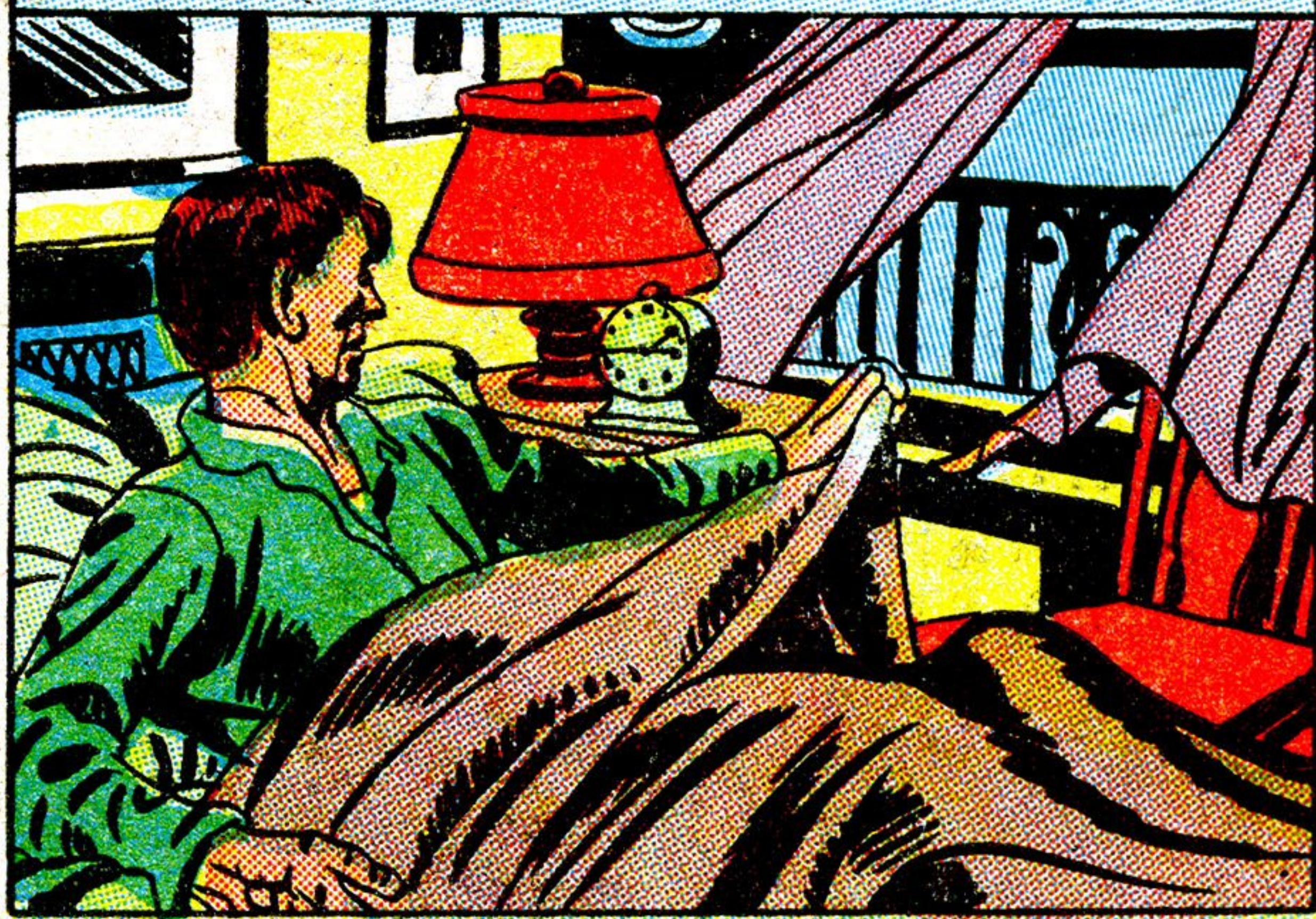




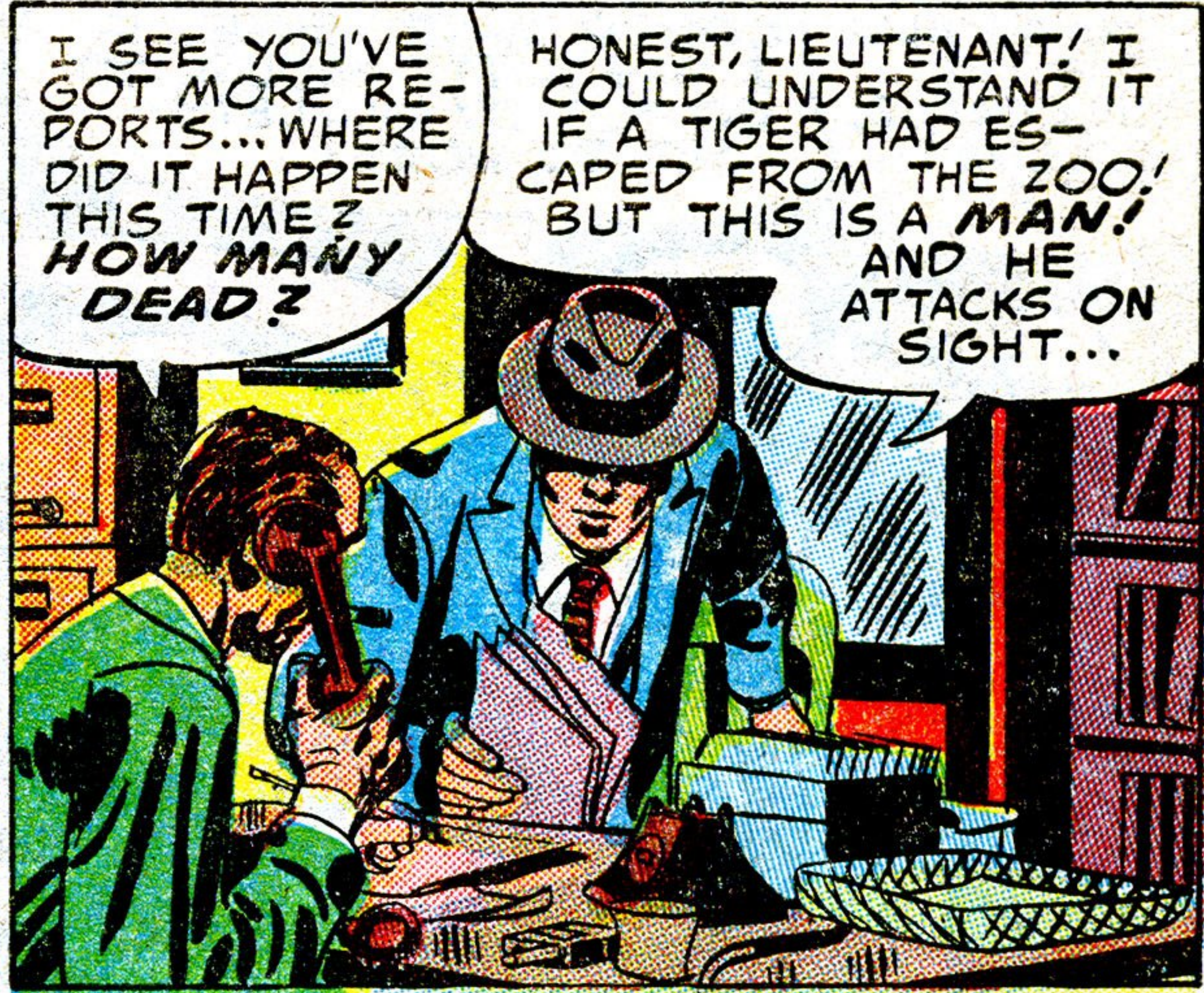
SOMETHING LIES HUDDLED IN A SHADOWED CORNER OF THE FIRE ESCAPE OUTSIDE OF KIMMEL'S WINDOW! WHEN HE RAISES THE SASH TO INVESTIGATE THERE IS A **SPINE-CHILLING** ANIMAL CRY AS A LARGE AND BEAST-LIKE FORM HURTTLES PAST KIMMEL INTO THE YARD BELOW...



3:13 A.M. THE CLOCK ON THE BUREAU IS PRECISE AND ACCURATE! THIS IS DUE TO THE METHODICAL TRAITS OF ITS OWNER, FRED KIMMEL, WHO IS GRAVELY UPSET BY THE RASPING SOUNDS WHICH AWAKENED HIM FROM HIS CAREFULLY SCHEDULED SLEEP!



3:30 A.M.... **THE DECISION!** IT IS MADE IN A PLACE OF ACTIVITY...GRIM EFFICIENCY... OF SOBER, UNSMILING MEN. THIS IS WHERE EVIL IS TRACED DOWN AND DEALT WITH, THE POLICE CALL IT HOMICIDE DETAIL !

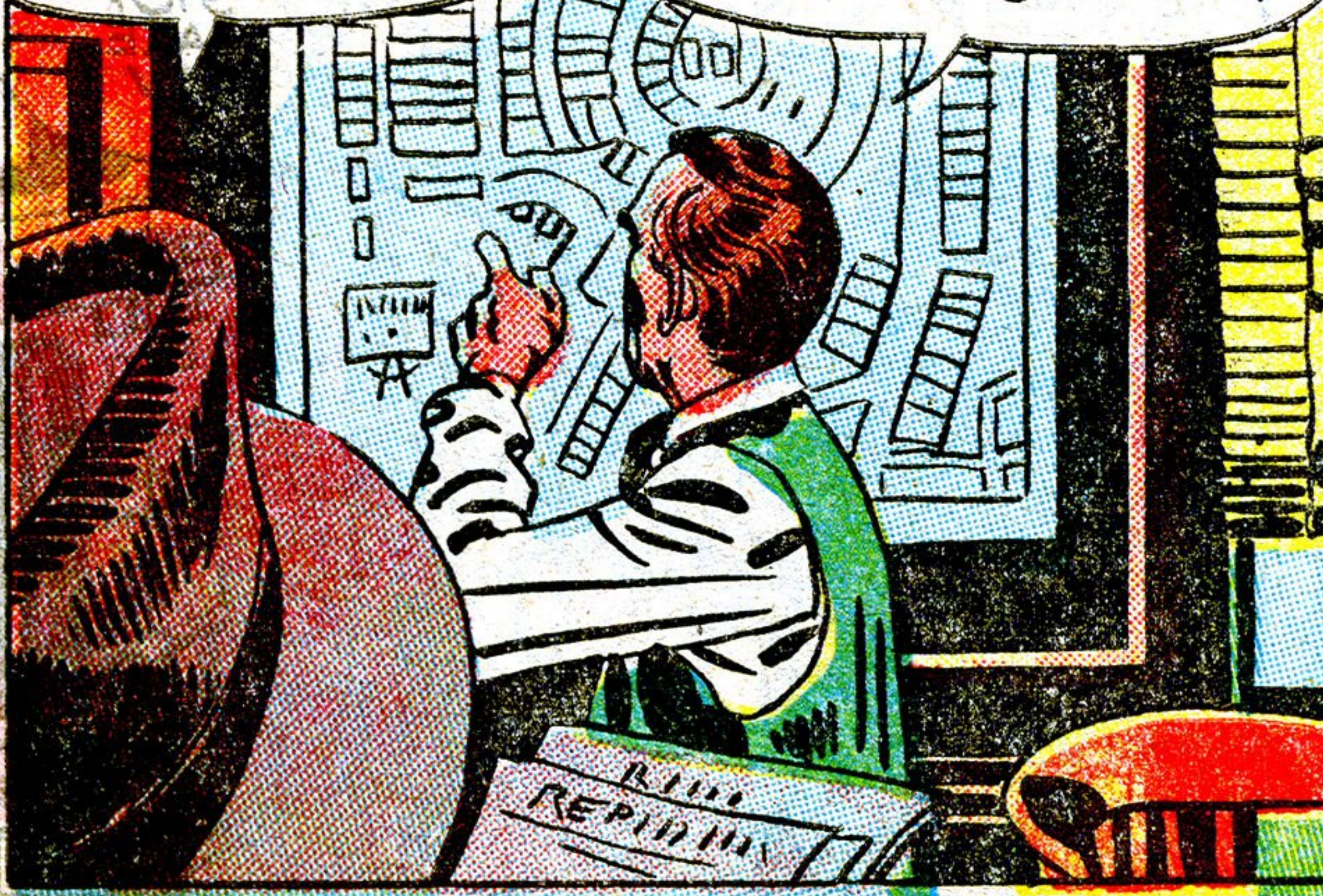


I SEE YOU'VE GOT MORE REPORTS...WHERE DID IT HAPPEN THIS TIME? **HOW MANY DEAD?**

HONEST, LIEUTENANT! I COULD UNDERSTAND IT IF A TIGER HAD ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO! BUT THIS IS A **MAN!** AND HE ATTACKS ON SIGHT...

LOOK AT 'EM! THREE MORE CASES IN AS MANY MINUTES... **HOMICIDE! ASSAULT!** AND THIS ONE... IT MAKES YOU **SICK TO READ IT!**

HE'S ROAMING **THIS** AREA, AND I'VE GOT IT BLOCKED OFF AS EFFECTIVELY AS I CAN! IF HE TRIES TO SLIP THROUGH THE CORDON, THE BOYS WILL GET HIM!



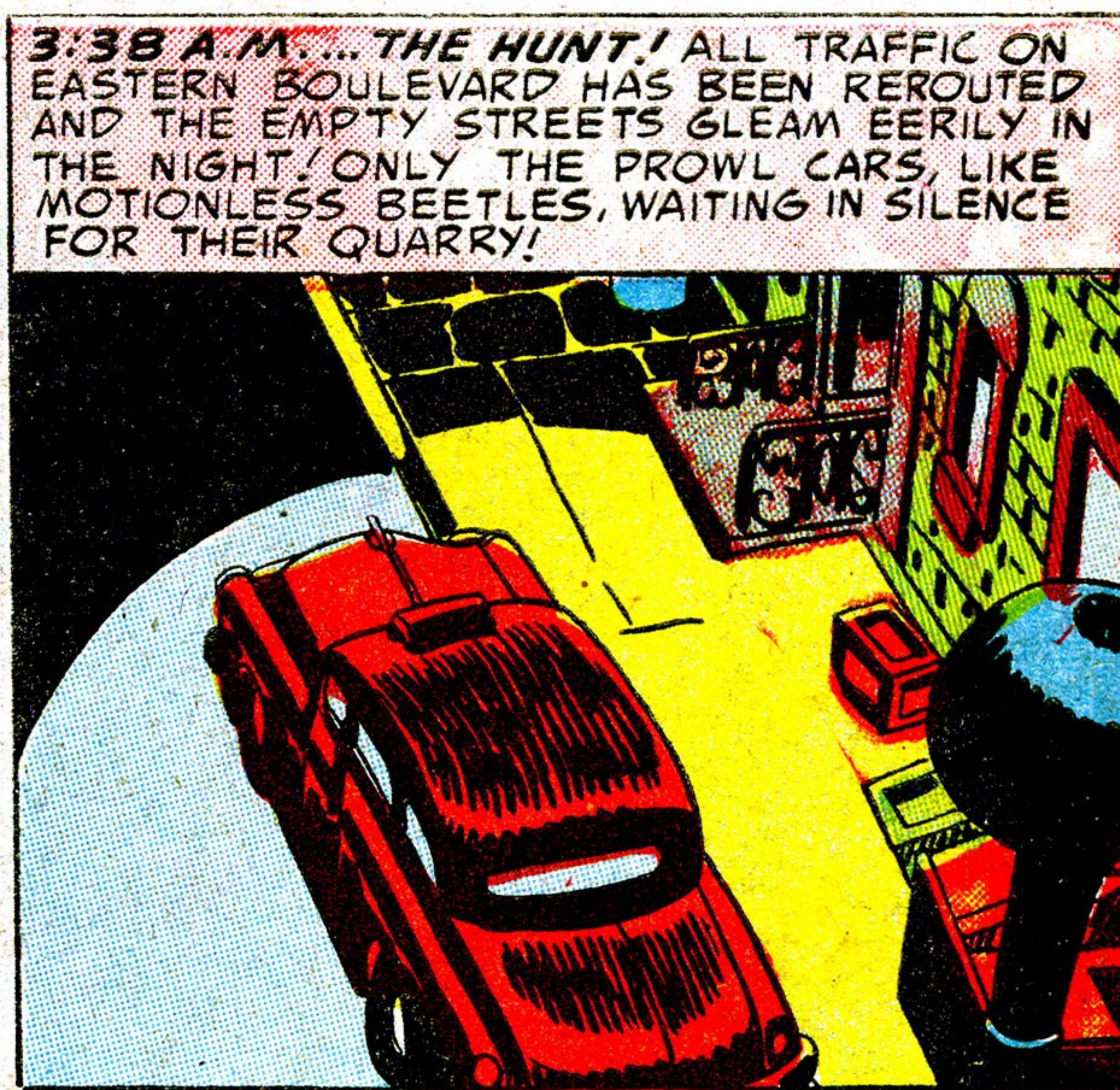
SUPPOSE HE FINDS A RAT-HOLE AND STAYS PUT! WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE IN ON HIM... SEARCH EVERY CRACK IN THE WALL IN THAT ENTIRE DISTRICT! IT MAY TAKE THE WHOLE FORCE TO DO IT!





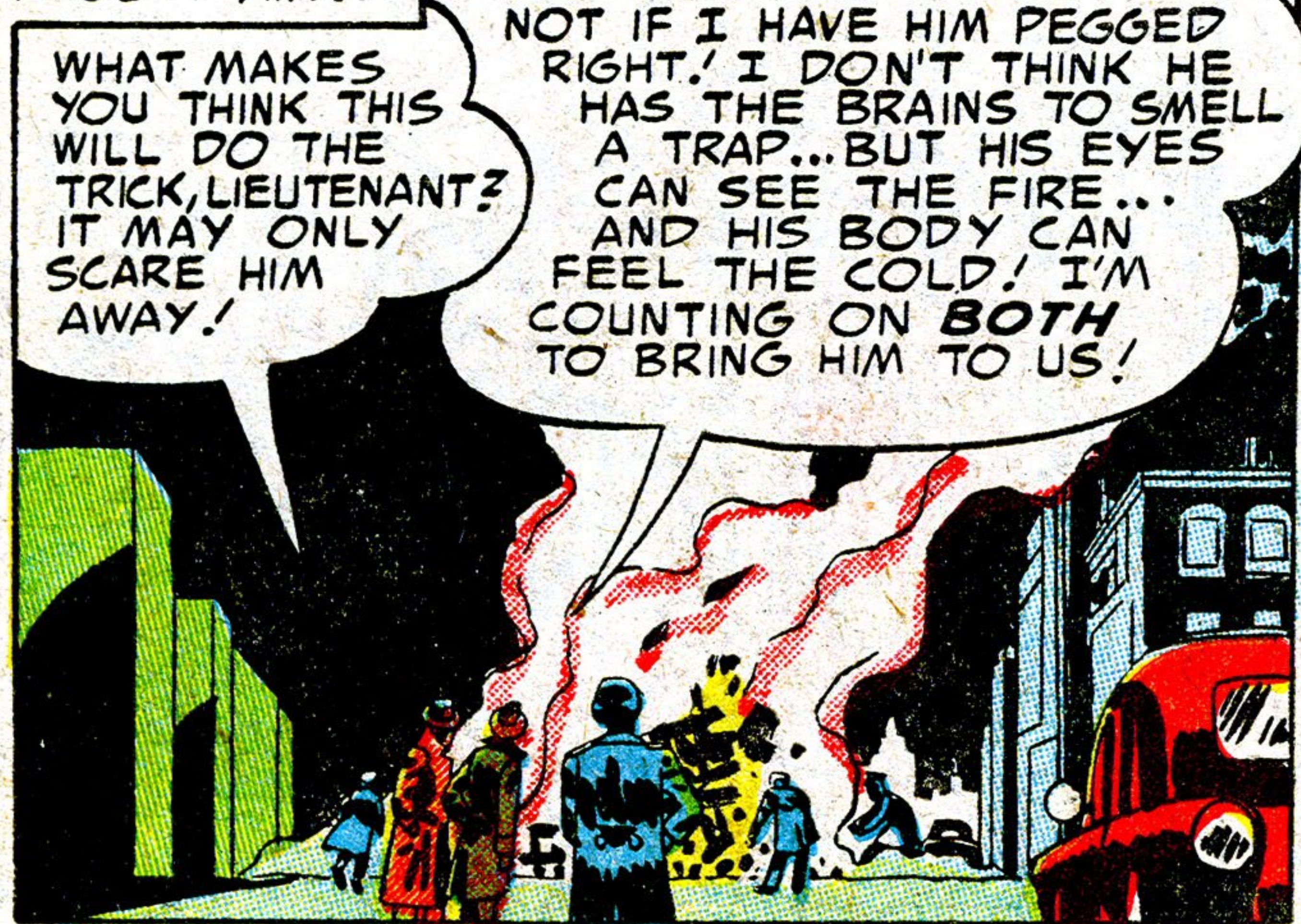


NO! WE'VE GOT TO DRAW HIM OUT AND KILL HIM BEFORE DAWN! THERE WILL BE KIDS ON THOSE STREETS AT DAYLIGHT! COME ON... IT'S GOT TO BE NOW!



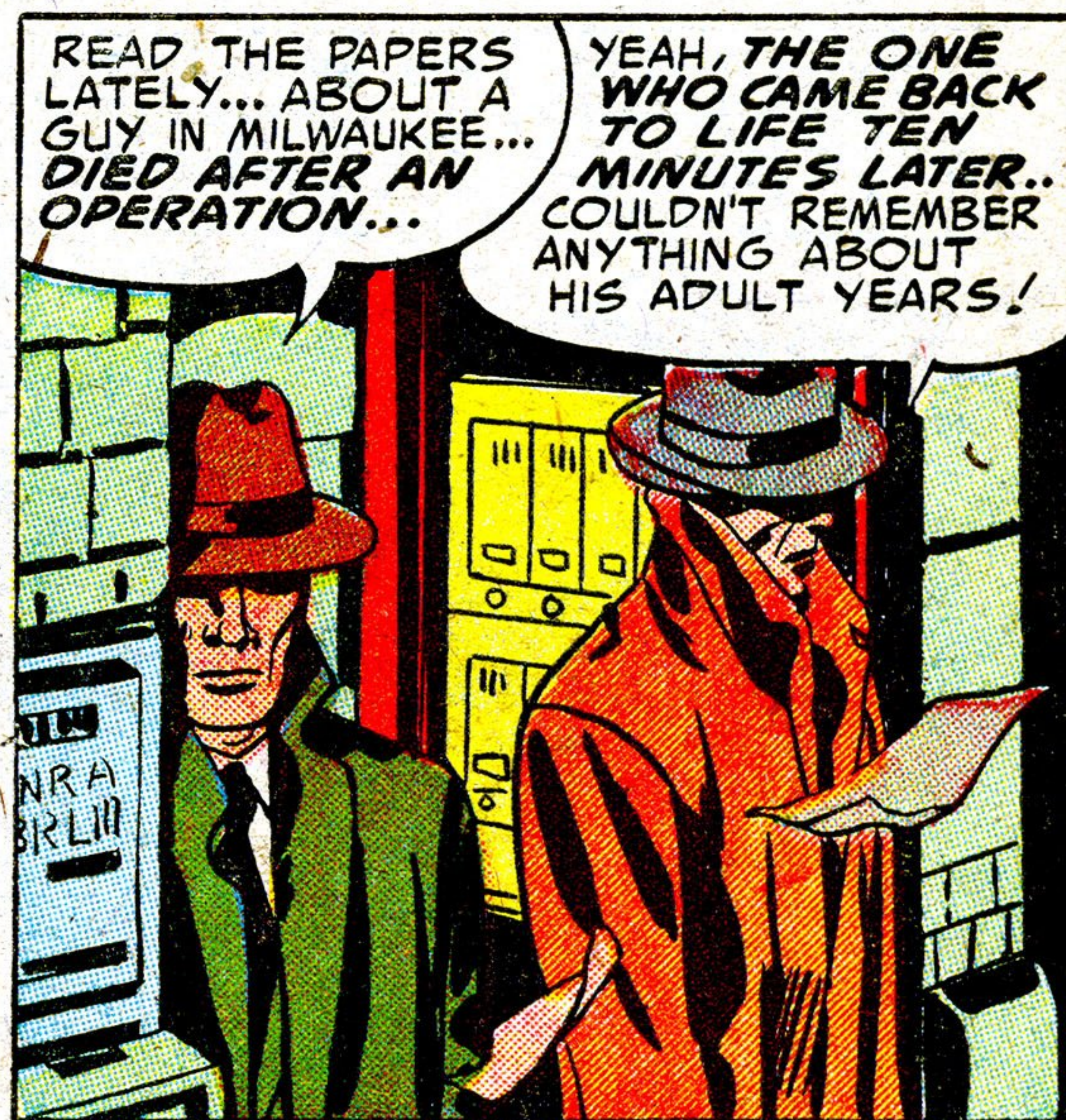
3:38 A.M. ... THE HUNT! ALL TRAFFIC ON EASTERN BOULEVARD HAS BEEN REROUTED AND THE EMPTY STREETS GLEAM EERILY IN THE NIGHT! ONLY THE PROWL CARS, LIKE MOTIONLESS BEETLES, WAITING IN SILENCE FOR THEIR QUARRY!

A **HUGE** FIRE SUDDENLY BLAZES INTO BEING WHERE 65 TH ST. BISECTS EASTERN BOULEVARD. WAVES OF HEAT REACH OUT FROM ITS WHITE, PULSING CORE AND TRAVEL ON FLAMING SHAFTS INTO THE FROSTY AIR!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS WILL DO THE TRICK, LIEUTENANT? IT MAY ONLY SCARE HIM AWAY!

NOT IF I HAVE HIM PEGGED RIGHT! I DON'T THINK HE HAS THE BRAINS TO SMELL A TRAP... BUT HIS EYES CAN SEE THE FIRE... AND HIS BODY CAN FEEL THE COLD! I'M COUNTING ON **BOTH** TO BRING HIM TO US!



READ THE PAPERS LATELY... ABOUT A GUY IN MILWAUKEE... **DIED AFTER AN OPERATION...**

YEAH, THE ONE WHO CAME BACK TO LIFE TEN MINUTES LATER.. COULDN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT HIS ADULT YEARS!



THAT'S RIGHT..IN THE PROCESS OF DYING, HIS BRAIN CELLS WERE DAMAGED, **HIS MEMORY PARTIALLY DESTROYED...** WHEN HE CAME BACK TO LIFE, HE THOUGHT HE WAS A LITTLE BOY!

LIEUTENANT! YOU DON'T MEAN YOU BELIEVE THAT SURGEON'S STORY ABOUT THIS KILLER BEING...



THE MISSING CORPSE? I DON'T KNOW! I... I'M DESPERATE! I WANT TO STOP THESE MURDERS! **THAT'S WHY I'M GAMBLING THAT A DEAD MAN CAME BACK TO LIFE WITHOUT THE MEMORY OF EVER BEING HUMAN! A LIVING BODY WITHOUT A SOUL!**



